

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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The Multiplication of Books.

THERE can be no doubt that the excessive multiplication of books is becoming one of the nuisances of modern existence. The *luxé de littérature* is all very well, but it has long been overdone; even gluttons will protest against perpetual satiety. No one feels the trouble more than the real lover of reading. Conscience strives hard to keep him up to a mark which sad experience tells him is unattainable. Even by dint of dipping and skimming, he cannot possibly hold his own against the torrent of volumes which come pouring in upon him. At the best of times his labour is sustained and severe; and any chance interruption throws him more hopelessly behindhand than ever. When he takes a short summer holiday, still more if he be foolish enough to spend a winter in the South, among Italians who still delight in the *dolce far niente*, he is like the man of business who has broken out of harness for a fortnight, without leaving an address. Oppressed in the shadows of future sorrows, he knows only too well what awaits him on his return. When at home, in what is popularly called the height of the publishing season—although we believe that now-a-days the leading publishers must resign themselves to forcing the running all the year round—he is struggling for breath under a slipping avalanche, like Tarpeia who was dramatically brought to grief beneath a shower of golden bracelets. Even if he could breathe freely, and had some leisure to look about him, he would still be torn asunder by a thousand tempting distractions. For the very point of our bitter complaint is in the fact, that so much is being published that is well worth reading.

Necessarily there is little that is original now, unless in the domain of the science which must ever be advancing. Philosophy is continually revolving in the old and well-worn grooves, although ingenious speculators flash unfamiliar lights upon it. Religion and revelation remain as they were, notwithstanding the assaults of the sceptical critics whose talent is almost exclusively destructive. Yet those subjects awaken such profound interest, that there will always be a multiplicity of works upon them, which, if they do not mark some new departure in thought, at all events demand the closest attention.

Biographies succeed each other quickly as a matter of course, for men of celebrity in many departments must always be passing away. The world has been pretty well travelled over and mapped out by this time, and no adventurer can hope for such phenomenal luck as the old Venetian Marco Polo, or Sir Thomas Roe, who not only went forward from surprise to surprise, but could give currency to any quantity of fiction without the slightest fear of being contradicted. Still cleverly written volumes of travel have a perennial novelty for those who are weary of home routine and are susceptible to fresh impressions. When an adventurer scrambles up "the roof of the world," and penetrates like the gallant Russian Prejevalski, whose explorations are at an end, to the last refuge of the wild camel in the thirsty Central Asian Steppes; when an English "pioneer of commerce" forces his way through the gorges of the wild Chinese Highlands in continual apprehension of long confinement and slow tortures; when some one brings up a report of semi-savage existence from Patagonia or Paraguay, of course we are eager to hear all about it. But even the light and ephemeral volumes which the commonplace tourists scatter broadcast in response to the pressing entreaties of partial friends, have a strange fascination for the cosmopolitan who could set them right on an infinity of subjects. Somehow we are always glad to have old recollections revived as to the places where we have passed pleasant days in the past.

Yes, the omnivorous reader, to his sorrow and for his sin, is beset by an insatiable *cacoethes legendi*; and yet we have not touched on the illimitable department of the *belles lettres*, in which biography and travels can scarcely be comprehended. Although there are illustrious and fortunate exceptions which serve to prove the rule, we are grateful to think that at the present moment poetry is become nearly a drug. Unless a work appears by any of the brilliant masters, who may be counted

on the fingers, no one dreams of borrowing, and far less of buying, the volumes of song-struck bards on their promotion. Unless an influential critic makes an accidental discovery, we should say that the chances of a budding Browning or Tennyson were well-nigh desperate.

But on the other hand we have the mighty army of novelists, with the mixed multitude of camp-followers who write tales of many kinds. As to novels, there is this to be said, that no man feels bound to read them. But if you do read, and the best fiction is the most refined form of pleasure, the embarrassment is bewildering. Even should you be content to stick to good old favourites, your spare moments may be fairly well filled up. But the fascination of habitual novel-reading is in the freshness that apes originality, and new candidates are continually coming to the front. It is out of the question to test everything for yourself, and if you give yourself over to the guidance of the professional critics, it is a case of "So many men, so many opinions." The clashing of the critiques confounds the intelligence, and if you have a fair share of self-confidence, you must fall back upon your own judgment. It is not every day that something of the extreme sensational order, a 'Called Back,' a 'She,' or a 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' passing through a succession of editions and selling by the hundred thousand, constrains you to follow the multitude and read. As a rule, the amateur of fiction, when breaking new ground, must cultivate the instinct of sampling a novel by a cursory glance through the leaves.

A fair test of the *corvée* imposed on even the average amateur of promiscuous reading by the portentous multiplication of books, is found in his melancholy experience at many a London dinner-table. He has notoriously a certain literary reputation, so he is told off to hand in a literary lady. On the strength of their presumed affinity, she puts him at once through his facings. Naturally, literary ladies have more leisure than men, and, moreover, there is no telling in what directions her tastes lie. Although he has not been cramming up for a cross-examination in fiction, he knows to his sorrow that, in the course of the season, he has done more miscellaneous reading than he could comfortably manage. It is all the more humiliating to be convicted of lamentable ignorance where he ought to have been best informed. Even as to the books which he can honestly own to having looked at—for he has very reasonably been taking

refuge in subtleties and evasions, he is politely told that he has missed the points and entirely misconceived the spirit. Should he be bold enough to carry the war into the enemy's camp, the chances are that he is still met by superior information ; until finally in profound discouragement he falls back upon " pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses : " so that the plucked candidate for literary credit is inclined to forswear light literature for evermore, and fall back upon lotus-eating or athletics. In short, we are driven to say with the monk in ' Hypatia,' when the Patriarch Cyril charitably offered him a seat, after he had been pulling an oar in the piratical galley from Tarentum to Alexandria, that of rowing, as of all other earthly things, " there cometh satiety at the last."

Talking and thinking of the monks, we are sometimes inclined to look back regretfully to the black and blank mediæval ages before the day-dawn of the *renaissance*, when the lamps of letters with rare exceptions were only kept dimly alight in conventual cells. There, at least, the devotees of books had ample leisure to enjoy them, and were innocently delighted with everything and anything. A crudely-coloured missal, with its pre-Raphaelite saints and grotesque scenes from the tortures and triumphs of the martyrs, was a treasure of inestimable price ; and each sentence of some dismal theological treatise, of some pseudo epistle of an orthodox Church-father, was stereotyped upon the sluggish brain or riveted in the slow-working memory. The quiescent students of those primitive times were profoundly indifferent as to pace as they were uncritical about subject and style. Intelligence was so undeveloped, and the range of study so limited, that readers actually sought their excitement in interminable controversial disputes. They could afford to follow with unflagging interest the futile splitting of theological hairs. How happy had they been, had they appreciated their blessings. The leisurely luxury of sensations over the hagiologies and the fascinating subtleties of the schoolmen, came to an end with the invention of types and the more general diffusion of knowledge. But long after manuscripts had been multiplied by the activity of the printing-presses, readers remained delightfully credulous ! They were ready to believe in anything set down in black and white, from the miracles wrought at the shrines of obscure saints, to the romances of travellers who consoled themselves for dangers and hardships by giving their fancies generous license. Yet the most credulous of those simple-minded mediævalists could hardly

have been persuaded by supernatural and special revelations into a belief in the revolution to be wrought in the literary world in the swift evolution of a few short centuries. The faith that gave full credit to contemporary miracles, when the shin-bone of a saint was considered a more sovereign specific than all the simples of the leeches' pharmacopœia, would have collapsed before a vision of the accumulations of printed matter in the stupendous collections of our nineteenth century. It would have been impossible to them to conceive the contents of the vast Parisian Libraries ; or of the British Museum, with a central reading hall, shelved for 150,000 volumes by way of a slight and accessible selection, with its massive substructures resting on accumulated refuse from Stationers' Hall, which bid defiance alike to fire and to earthquakes. Writing in the first half of the seventeenth century, old Burton bitterly complains in the preface to his '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' of "a vast chaos and confusion of books ; we are oppressed with them, our eyes ache with reading, our fingers with turning." Heaven help him ! what would he have said now, had he and his friend Rouse, the librarian, dropped in at the modern Bodleian ? With his frenzy for omnivorous reading and his mania for promiscuous quotation, he must have lost heart altogether, as he went drifting on the shoreless sea, with the voluminous catalogues by way of compass.

There is a black look-out before us, and the best hope is that acute diseases will sometimes cure themselves. People may hesitate to write when other people refuse to read. No one, with either a pecuniary or an intellectual interest in it, can have much to say in favour of the present state of things. It may be argued that brisk production means good business for the publishers ; but we firmly believe, on the best authority, that the publishers object to it more than anybody. When profits are problematical or ridiculously low, excessive production may tend towards insolvency. The chances of neglect, the probabilities of pecuniary disappointment, necessarily encourage slovenly work ; and even the best of modern books has barely time to make its mark before it is crowded out by successors and rivals. Discussing the subject lately with one or two of the leading publishers, they expressed themselves very emphatically on that point. They are not only deeply interested, but naturally they feel strongly, for they have to resign themselves to a good deal of unreasonable abuse. A publisher is bound to conduct his business on business principles, and at present he is

more than ever compelled to be cautious. We remember, some fifteen years ago, the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon making a speech at a quiet literary dinner. He spoke eloquently of the rights and wrongs of authors: he declared that the author had little reason to be grateful when the publisher fêted him with *Veuve Clicquot* and *Château Lafitte*. He was really drinking his own wine out of his own skull, and not out of the filagree-glasses of his entertainer. Hepworth Dixon, who struck out a picturesque and popular style of his own, had far less reason to grumble than most authors. If one firm would not give him his price, he could make satisfactory terms with another. We presume, like the chivalrous men of money on Lord Lansdowne's Loughcurran estates, he stood forth as the champion of his less fortunate brethren. But our point is, that the speech at the time it was delivered, although the date was only about fifteen years ago, could be plausibly defended on general facts, and commended itself to the sympathies of a book-writing audience. Prizes in the profession were still far more frequent than at present; and promising young authors had some pretext for complaining that their share of the profits had been unfairly intercepted. Now, if we were to put ourself in the place of a business-like publisher, with his eye steadily fixed on each yearly balance-sheet, we could hardly blame him conscientiously for being over-cautious. With the pace at which innumerable presses are being driven, there are long odds against the most likely venture. With "the men of old time," it was more than sufficient to have some genuine merit, with a style that hit off the popular taste. Now, to change the metaphor from the evangelist's to the race-course, unless you have a good start and clear galloping, so that you can make the running without being caught in the ruck, condition and careful preliminary training go for little. Of course, the name of a popular writer will sell his books so far, but the anonymous author, however able, may be literally left nowhere. In his case almost everything depends on a prompt unanimity of favourable criticism. Necessarily, with the crowd of candidates for notice, criticism drags and lags. The popular writer, who has comparatively little need of such adventitious help, naturally obtains the early reviews; the outsiders must wait their turn. The head of one of the great novel-publishing firms told us that, thirty or forty years ago, the two-column review of a novel in the leading journal would have made him immediately issue a new edition of 1000; and, as

every one should know, it is the second and successive editions which really bring money to author and publisher. Now, a belated review from the most authoritative quarter, however lavish of the praise which is amply justified by quotations, can hardly produce any appreciable effect—for the present. It may help to pave the way for the writer's future efforts, though even then the probabilities are that he finds it has been unnoticed or forgotten. That reviews should be unduly delayed by the daily journals is only natural. Independently of despondency over perpetually filling the sieves of the Danaides, there are so many matters of urgent daily importance, when Parliaments sit into September, and scurry back with breathless eagerness for the excitements of an autumn session. But it has always been a mystery to us, why certain distinctly literary journals defer reviews till the light *ephemera* they dissect have already died their natural death. We presume the editors understand their own interests, though it would seem that for any good purpose they serve, most of these belated reviews might as well be consigned to the waste-basket. The hard-working author, busied with his bread-winning and other things, has almost forgotten the contents of his own book; and the book having been scrambled through the circulating libraries, and forced as ballast in the book-boxes upon resentful subscribers, may be picked up for the merest trifle on the remote provincial book-stalls. We can only take it that these delays are signs of the times, and melancholy symptoms of the hopeless congestion in the book-market.

Could aspiring novices only get a glimpse behind the scenes, they might be spared an infinity of work and worry. Setting fiction aside for the moment, which is a branch by itself, for novels are more eagerly run after than ever they were, they may take it as the universal law that few books bring a profit. Books on ordinary topics, however intelligently and cleverly treated, have but an academical interest for the majority of readers. No one dreams of buying books now, unless some cultivated gentleman, here and there, with a fancy for keeping up a "gentleman's library;" and the circulating libraries literally circulate the same volume, making chary additions to the limited stock-in-trade. Consequently the prudent publisher severely restricts the first edition, tentatively binding a certain number of copies. From the sales he succeeds in effecting, heavy deductions must be made before the profits are struck. There are the copies scattered broadcast among the journals, the magazines,

and influential friends. There are the trade discounts, which are no trifle; above all, there is the formidable expense of advertising; and the more favourably the work is received in good quarters, the heavier is the bill for advertisements. When only a moderate number of copies have been sold, the margin of profit is almost infinitesimal. We happen to know of a singularly brilliant historical work, dealing with romantic characters and a singularly picturesque period, which was published the other day, after passing through the pages of a popular magazine. The book was welcomed with almost unanimous praise, and we congratulated the author, who was an old friend, on a pecuniary as well as a literary success. "A single edition of 500 copies sold out," he answered, with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders. As it happened, he could afford to disregard filthy lucre, and he had too long an experience in literary work to feel much mortification. We mentioned the incident to a common friend, likewise distinguished in the world of letters. Five-and-forty years ago he made a name, and some money as well, by brilliant humour and playful fancy. Since then he has been more before the public than most men, as the author of biographies which every one has talked about, most people have read, and some people have bought. For these, we have reason to believe, he has been amply remunerated; he has been the deserving winner of those brilliant prizes which tempt so many fluttering butterflies to singe their wings. But he has written as well not a few minor works, which have all the charm of his practised style and ripe culture, and which have been cheaply advertised by his name on the title-pages. We had taken it for granted that they must have paid him fairly, and it was considerably to our surprise we were assured that he had never cleared a shilling by any one of them.

Man must live by bread: the professional writer looks to be paid somehow—by quantity, if not for quality; under such conditions it is by no means astonishing that solid literature should tend to deteriorate. There are not many enthusiasts who like Austin Caxton are ready to sacrifice themselves to a *magnum opus*, though it may never see the light in their lifetime. Even when we are selfishly lamenting the multiplication of books, we think little of wrecked lives and shattered hopes, of the slow tortures of the men who have missed their way, but have gone too far to think of retracing their steps. We remember, a few years ago, the case of a learned clergyman who had given the

world more than one historical work of considerable merit. He had so far been fortunate, inasmuch as he had been connected with one of the first publishing houses ; and it was in no way the fault of the firm—which knew nothing of his extreme necessities—that he had only received £15 or £20 as the fruit of his labours. Pious and a clergyman as he was, he was driven through sorrow, starvation, and temporary insanity, to suicide ; and though this is an extreme example, we fear it is in some degree a typical one.

We spoke of popular biographies, and we believe that in these days writers of popular biographies have the best chance. Your ballads may be burning with Promethean fire ; your epic may transcend the solemn magnificence of Milton, or the lurid splendour of the bard of the 'Inferno' ; your volume of heart-searching sermons might have been preached by Apostles and revised by St. Paul ; your fiction may blend the strength and the beauties of each master or mistress, from Fielding to Dickens, and from Mademoiselle Scudéri to George Eliot. After all, you are astonished to find that they do not sell, and are relegated to wrapping up the packages of your publisher. But when you are writing the life of a more or less eminent man, he lends you a lift towards immortality and popularity. If he has been a conspicuous figure in science or religion, in literature or politics, on the stage or in the army, there are sure to be hosts of admirers or detractors who are eager to hear all about him. There will probably be elements of personal interest, such as keep up the circulation of the social journals ; and you may confidently count upon the great man's foibles being discussed with all the freedom of friendly appreciation. In many cases, every one in society must profess an acquaintance with the book, so the orders pour in upon Mr. Mudie and Mr. Smith. But even then, much depends on the chapter of accidents. Death may make an unseasonable sweep with his scythe, and cut down half-a-dozen of celebrities together. Thus half-a-dozen biographies are started together against time, jostling each other in the race through the next publishing season. The heterogeneous masses of documents can be hardly sifted by the over-driven compiler ; there is no time to harmonize the fond reminiscences of old friends, and a crude piece of work falls comparatively flat, when with more leisure and greater pains it might have done justice to its subject and the writer.

Fiction, at all events, still opens a wide field, if a far less

hopeful one than of yore. In no department of literature has the infinite multiplication of books done more to depress ambition and damp aspirations. Novel-writing is a profession like any other: money is at the bottom of the whole matter, and the reduction of the pecuniary rewards must tend to the deterioration of quality. No doubt there are conscientious and earnest novelists impressed with the dignity of their vocation, or animated by a concern for their fame; yet the novelists, as a rule, are writing for a livelihood. There may still be large-minded men or women, like George Eliot, of whom we have heard a story we believe to be true. She had written 'Romola,' after a residence abroad, during which she had steeped all her fancies in a strong sense of the local colour, and imbued herself with the spirit and traditions of the old Florentine Republic. She had given free rein to her imagination and her flowing pen, and the book had run to somewhat portentous lengths. In her artistic feeling for proportion, or in kindly consideration for impatient readers, she suggested to her publisher that it would be wise to condense. It had been arranged that the story was to pass through a magazine, and that gentleman had such faith in her powers of "fetching the public," that he was reluctant to cut short a lengthy serial. Besides, as a man of business, he was bound to insinuate, that curtailing the measure meant reduction of the pay. The writer was sublimely indifferent to his mercenary argument: her novel of 'Romola' was cut down as she proposed; and we have no doubt whatever that it gained by the curtailment. Had condensation involved a greater pecuniary sacrifice, we have as little doubt that George Eliot would have insisted on it all the same. But when 'Romola' was written, a novelist of her eminence could better afford to indulge her fancies. We have understood that the reduced price she received was something like £6,000.

We know from Dickens's 'Life' how handsomely he was remunerated, though of course he had an exceptional success, and had attained a phenomenal popularity. For that, as it appears to us now, was a golden age of fiction: golden in the rich veins that were struck, as well as in the gains they yielded in the working. We are told in Trollope's 'Autobiography' of the prices he commanded for what we may call his domestic novels; although the 'Last Chronicles of Barset' would have been a masterpiece in its way, had the Desmoulins and Dobbs Broughton episodes been eliminated. But Trollope, although his popularity

had increased rather than declined, and though his mechanical industry was indefatigable as ever to the last, lived to see a melancholy diminution in his profits. In fact, he had lived to see the revolution in the novel-market. When Trollope was verging on middle age, any novelist of talent, when he had once made his mark, especially if he had established his footing in one of the few popular magazines, might consider himself safe to go steadily forward unless health broke down or invention ran dry. In days somewhat earlier, G. P. R. James or Harrison Ainsworth, had a sure sale for the books that fell far short of 'Heidelberg,' or 'Old St. Paul's.' They might count on a cheque for at least a thousand, with the chances of reversionary gains. They were followed by some half-dozen or half-score of well-established public favourites, who might be relied upon to please the readers of the periodicals. Lever was one of the foremost of them, and we believe that Lever wrote 'That Boy of Norcott's' in answer to a telegram sent to Trieste, requesting the first instalment by something like return of post. The story is characteristic of the close dealing of the time, when a few popular favourites had the monopoly of the markets, and of the change that has taken place since. Generally speaking, editors now-a-days make their arrangements for a year or two in advance: they would scarcely dream of giving peremptory *carte blanche* at a moment's notice, to the cleverest consuls at Spezzia or Trieste, preoccupied with uncongenial official duties. With all the modern method, with all the deliberate precautions for assuring more than creditable work, it is more than doubtful whether we have gained by the change. In the old days, the vocation offered men of genius or facile talent an assured position in the world of letters, and a steady income. Trollope possessed the invaluable power of turning out his daily tale of tolerably equal workmanship; but a Lever, who went on a different system, could afford to lie back, indulging his caprices and working when the inspiration was on him.

He knew as well as any Trieste trader what his wares ought to fetch, and could reckon upon placing them promptly. Now, with perhaps a very few illustrious exceptions of favourites who are getting on in years and whose circle of admirers must be contracting, no novelist can make a certainty of anything. So long as he is the fashion, he is tolerably safe, but then the fashion may change with scarcely a warning. He has struck, happily, into a particular line; he has associated himself with sensational exploration, or gone treasure-hunting in the wake of

the buccaneers; but even if he be persuaded that he has the rare gift of originality, he must feel that it is hazardous to change his field. Such vigorous and versatile writers are exceptional cases, but the mass of novelists must struggle forward over terribly treacherous ground. They may make one brilliant hit, or even more, but the next step is still problematical. The rich prizes are become memories of the past, for it is not every day a lady of rare genius chances to write a "Robert Elsmere," which annotates an epoch of religious thought, is admiringly reviewed by an ex-Premier, and is hurried through some dozen of editions. All depends from the financial point of view on how each successive work is placed. Launched in a leading magazine, or by a syndicate of newspapers, it will be reasonably remunerative, although little more. Brought out in book-form, the remuneration is miserably inadequate. Consequently a man with wife and family, responsible for house-rent and rates and taxes, cannot afford to lavish superfluous time upon his labour, which in more favourable circumstances would be his pride and delight. Though it may be short-sighted policy, he throws aside the file, thinks by electricity, and feels compelled to scamp. Hence the reckless multiplication of novels, with the growing competition of the commonplace writers who contribute so much dead weight to the boxes of circulating libraries, working irreparable mischief. There are any number of decently readable fictions, with which a man may manage to kill the day fairly well, if he be shut up in a Swiss *auberge* or in a Highland shooting-box. But the number of those which have any chance of ranking as classics is steadily dwindling down to the vanishing point.

The worst of the plethora of new publications is that it makes us neglect our good old friends, and miss so much that is enjoyable. The best chance for an old, or rather an antiquated, author is being brought out in a new *édition de luxe*. One of the few old books which we believe has always been in favour is Boswell's 'Johnson.' In the way of biographies, as Macaulay said when he most ungratefully abused the author, "Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere;" and so it will always be. We know our 'Boswell' pretty nearly by heart, and yet we found Dr. Birkbeck Hill the other day gave him a new start and a delightfully unlooked-for freshness. There was so much that was curious and suggestive in the notes, that it was like reading the Familiar Scriptures in the light of the 'Speaker's Commentary.' But when we talk of harking back to standard

authors, far be it from us to recommend a course of conscientious reading. Johnson, who with all his listless indolence had devoured as many volumes as any man of his time, recommended readers to take the good things as they found them—to follow their fancies and never to baulk them. Life is too short to grapple with the chroniclers and historians in methodical order; and any mortal might shrink from a course of British Poetry, beginning with the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' and 'Faerie Queen.' We are thinking of those who read for pleasure, and the secret of real literary enjoyment is in reckless and desultory divagations. But we have often been struck, in such accessible collections of books as those in the London Library or the Athenæum, with the wanton wastefulness with which even connoisseurs and voluptuaries neglect the accumulated treasures within easy reach of their arms. Men seem to go straight in a club, as a mere matter of habit, to the papers or periodicals, or to the table which displays, in brilliant bindings, the very latest batch of the publisher's baking. They find very possibly the book they were in search of is pre-engaged; they pick up some other at haphazard, *faute de mieux*, and they drop over a cup of coffee into an easy-chair, and afterwards into peaceful slumber. It is like falling back upon soda-water in place of champagne, when their faculties, though they may be temporarily torpid, are in need of healthy stimulants. A promiscuous stroll round the richly-stored shelves would blend restful indulgence with a renewal of mental activity. Every lover of books, who is a writer as well, must have experienced the pleasure of undertaking some piece of congenial work which sets him rambling with a definite purpose. He dips by an accident into a book for a reference, and the pages hold him spell-bound. If he is given to abstraction, he remains standing crane-like on a pair of steps, till a touch of cramp tells him that he had better descend. If he has a turn for making himself comfortable, he settles into an easy chair with his volume, in blissful oblivion of time and his objects.

There are any number of fascinating books, no doubt, which we have never read and, unhappily, never shall read. But it is positively inexcusable to forget the old favourites which have given us infinite pleasure in former days. Happy associations go for so much in pleasant reading. Take travels and notes of travelling adventure by way of example. We came to them, of course, in boyhood with all the freshness of ignorance and

youthful enthusiasm ; but then every explorer had opportunities, as we said, which are denied to their modern successors. Bruce, and Mungo Park, and Denham, and Clapperton broke ground in what was literally the Unknown Continent. They brought up sensational but seemingly veracious reports from the fringes of a land which was enveloped in dark mystery and misrepresented on the maps. The travellers of those times dispensed with an elaborate outfit ; they carried no bales of beads and cotton goods for barter, on the backs of an interminable train of porters, escorted by companies of fighting men. They took their lives in their hands ; trusted to their pluck or their diplomacy ; picked themselves up, metaphorically, when hardship and misfortune knocked them out of time ; practised indomitable patience as the prisoners at large of arbitrary potentates ; and while advancing the limits of authentic geographical discovery, they went plodding forward from surprise to surprise. No romance could rival the travels which were rich in adventure as in novel revelations ; and turning back to them in the light of recent researches, we find them full as ever of freshness and interest.

We need not go back to the travels of the beginning of the century, issued in imposing quarto volumes, and very often floated by subscription. There are no more thrilling narratives than those of the Europeans—Palgrave, Vámbéry, and Sir Richard Burton—who, playing their perilous parts for many weary months, when an incautious word in a dream might have betrayed them, baffled the keenness of suspicious fanatics, and penetrated into the Holies of Holies of the Moslems. As for thrilling incident in countries claiming to be civilised—incidents set out with the picturesque simplicity of veritable literary genius—commend us to Borrow and Ruxton. Every one knows, and should be familiar with, ‘The Bible in Spain,’ not to speak of the ‘Romany Rye’ and ‘Lavengro’ ; but we fear that as to Ruxton’s ‘Adventures in Mexico,’ few can have the satisfaction of saying with ourselves, that having read it half-a-score of times already, they look forward hopefully to reading it again. Nothing in its manner has surpassed it since, and we do not forget ‘The North-West Passage,’ by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, or the ‘Great Lone Land’ of Major Butler. De Foe’s realistic invention could never have imagined such a succession of dramatic scenes, even if he had drawn freely on Mexican literature for materials, as Ruxton’s diligence journey through the brigand-haunted passes from Vera Cruz, the sketches of the ruffians in the back-slums of

the city of Mexico, the carrying his scalp in safety in the company of a treacherous servant through the districts that had been devastated by the Comanches on the war-trail, the crossing the waterless waste of sand by forced marches, the tumbling down precipitous snowdrifts with his pack mules in the dark when he had passed from the region of fire into the frosts, and his facing the piercing blizzard when smoking hard for dear life he burned his wooden pipe-bowl as well as his tobacco. We merely single out that as an example of one of the books which may be taken up by way of *pis aller*, when neither Mr. Haggard nor Mr. Louis Stevenson have been supplying the libraries with a fresh sensation. Sportsmen are seldom bookworms, but they know very well what pleases them. They stuck manfully by Mr. Surtees and Major Whyte-Melville, and they generally glance at any volume from the hunting-field or the forest they may see on their club tables. We wonder how many of them could pass a creditable examination on Harris' 'Wild Sports in South Africa,' or 'The Old Forest Ranger,' or even on the more modern 'Moor and the Loch,' or St. John's delightful 'Wild Sports of the Highlands,' or his 'Sport in Moray,' or 'Tour in Sutherlandshire.' And as we have limited ourselves to remarks on the lighter class of books, we may as well advert to Macaulay's 'England.' For, when it first appeared in serial form, volume by volume, the universal verdict was that it was far more fascinating than any fiction: partly, perhaps, because the painter of brilliant portraiture did not spare the colours, and dashed in the shadows freely with sepia. The proof that the appreciation was sincere, was that the work for some years kept up its great circulation; but now Macaulay seems to be shelved with Hume and Lingard—we might say with Carlyle, or even with Mr. Froude. Now-a-days, when the best writer shoots his bolt, he may send his book through a second or a third to the "library edition"; but though dim recollections of it may survive beyond the world of specialists, it seldom lives to a second season. In the future it will be used by students for purposes of reference, or may be condensed and popularised for the use of schools and colleges. If the multiplication of books progresses at the recent pace, the most zealous readers will be driven from despondency to despair, and the most ambitious and brilliant writers must resign themselves to the neglect of their contemporaries, which will make their chances of immortality doubtful or desperate.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

The Reproach of Annesley.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave."

CHAPTER VI.

THE INHERITANCE.

THE memory of that scene weighed like a lasting nightmare upon Edward Annesley's troubled heart. When he entered his aunt's presence he expected something painful, but nothing terrible; he thought to see a bereaved mother, he found a tigress robbed of her cubs. All the fierceness in her nature blazed up at the sight of him, a grim joy possessed her at the opportunity of denouncing him as the cause of her loss; for where other women grieved, this one raged.

He could only stand silent before the storm, doing mute homage to her age, her sex, and her bitter sorrow; pained by the sight of a passion so like that he had witnessed a few hours since in one whose passions were now for ever stilled, and hoping that her frenzy would exhaust itself, that she might at least accept some kind words from him, if nothing more.

That which silently gnawed his heart was bad enough without spoken reproach; her words burnt into him like molten metal, and left life-long wounds. In everything, she said, he had supplanted her son; he had secretly stolen the heart of Alice from Paul whilst openly trifling with Sibyl, whose life he had marred. And now he had driven Paul to his death that he might snatch his inheritance. Let him take that inheritance with the curse attached to it, and a yet more withering curse

on to that, the curse of a childless widow. She asked him how a strong and active man like her son could, *if alone*, slip and fall beyond recovery. She told him that the reproach of having survived him would cling to him and blight his happiness for life.

All this she said in the fewest, most cutting words, without agitation, with a deep full voice, standing erect and immovable, with a hard brilliance in her cold blue eyes, and when she had finished, she bid him go and come near her no more.

He hesitated, looking silently at her stern tearless face, in which he saw such bitter anger that he thought the shock must have made her beside herself. He hoped that what she said was half-unconscious and would be forgotten when she came to herself. Nevertheless the barbed words struck home, and her cold immovable calm impressed him with a horror he could not shake off, and seeing that his presence only irritated her, he withdrew with some expressions of regret for her condition, and a hope that he should find her calmer on the morrow.

Mrs. Annesley laughed a hard laugh, and said quietly that she never had been and never should be calmer than at that moment, which was perfectly true. But when the door had closed upon him, and her gaze fell upon some trifle that Paul had given her, the calm deserted her, a sense of her bitter bereavement took hold of her, the memory of a thousand stormy scenes in which she had wounded her only son rose up accusingly before her, and she sobbed and moaned, and felt herself to be the most miserable woman upon earth.

Edward left her, feeling as if he had just been cast naked into a pit of scorpions, scarce knowing what he did or whither he went. He and she alone knew how the scar came upon Paul's face; she had looked when that occurred as she looked now. He wondered if he could be the same man who had left the gipsy party at the river's source a few hours before and had stepped lightly along the rocky path in the sunshine, singing in the lightness of his heart.

He met Sibyl in the corridor, and she, seeing the misery in his face, gave way to one of those guileless impulses she never could resist, and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Dear Mr. Annesley," she said, in her clear light voice, "I am so sorry for you. All this must be so painful."

He said nothing, but kissed the hand she had given him, and passed on with a full heart. Sibyl alone consoled with him on

that day's work, he reflected, and then the barbed arrow of his aunt's suggestion about her rankled in his heart.

He went into the sitting-room, where his sister lay on a couch with Alice sitting by her side.

By this time it was dark night, the lonely village was asleep, only the hotel lights still burnt, and even they were gradually dying out; but the Annesley party did not yet dream of going to rest, they were waiting and watching for the return of the searchers with their tragic burden.

Alice sat in the shadow; she had only seen Edward once since the meeting under the pine-trees, and she had then observed, in the brief glance she caught of him, that the *edelweiss* was removed from his hat.

The sight of her stirred Edward with a feeling akin to pain—a mysterious something bid him fly from her; for the pity and terror of Paul's untimely fate had reared a barrier between them, insurmountable for the time. It seemed an unfair advantage over the dead man, even to recall his assurance that there was no chance of his winning her, or to consider the meaning of the passion in Alice's voice, when she cried upon Paul in her sudden remorse in the wood: "Oh, Paul, Paul! If I had but known!"

She was very calm now, though he could not see her face in the shadow; but calmness, he knew well, was no index to the depth of her sorrow; it was her nature in joy and grief to command herself. Yet he thought she wished to avoid him.

"Have you been to auntie, Ned?" asked Eleanor, starting up at his step.

"Yes," he answered heavily, and he sat down and gazed blankly before him.

"Nellie," said Alice, "do you think you could go to your aunt?"

"She had better not," replied Edward quickly; "it would be too painful for her."

"But Mrs. Annesley must not be left alone," said Alice, with some reproach in her voice. "I am afraid your interview has been trying, Mr. Annesley—but how could it be otherwise? Is she no calmer?"

"I believe," returned Edward slowly, "that she is out of her mind."

"Poor soul! Then I will go to her at once," said Alice, rising.

"She is better alone, Miss Lingard," interposed Edward hastily; "pray don't subject yourself to anything so dreadful.

She is not accountable for what she says now—no one must believe what she says—her grief must have its way. Her maid is at hand.—Pray, Miss Lingard.”—He even barred the way when she would have left the room, and held the door shut behind him, until a pressure from without caused him to open it and disclose the face of Gervase, who had seen his meeting with Sibyl a few moments before.

“Alice is right,” Gervase said, on hearing the cause of dispute; “Mrs. Annesley is not fit to be left alone; it would be cruel. Nellie is too young, and just now too unwell, and Sibyl—well, Sibyl could not be what Alice is to her.”

Alice therefore went, with every word that Edward had just uttered so hastily and brokenly sinking permanently into her memory. Mrs. Annesley roused herself at the sight of her to repeat her denunciation of Edward, in tones of sorrowful conviction this time.

Alice, inwardly trembling, did what she could to soothe the now terribly agitated woman, and bid her consider before accusing Edward in the hearing of others, thankful that, as she supposed, she alone had as yet heard anything.

“Dear Mrs. Annesley,” she remonstrated, “you imply that he had a hand in your son’s death when you speak so.”

“Alice,” replied Mrs. Annesley, quietly and coldly, “do you know where Edward was at the moment of Paul’s fall?”

“No,” she replied simply; “how should I?”

“How indeed?” repeated Mrs. Annesley, setting her lips hard; “that is what no one knows or ever will know.”

“It is very simple, dear,” said Alice; “we will ask him.”

“Ask him!” returned Mrs. Annesley, with terrible scorn—“ask him yourself, Alice.”

Then her mood changed, and she suddenly fell to weeping, staying herself upon Alice.

“Oh, Alice! Alice!” she cried, “my poor child loved you—he loved you!” and their tears mingled, and the bitterness seemed to pass away.

Paul’s body was never found. They waited and watched in vain that night. Alice thought that if she could look once more upon his dead face, and press one repentant kiss upon the cold brow that could never more thrill with passion, even at the touch of her lips, she would be happier and perhaps lose the unreasoning remorse which troubled her now.

The current was strong at the spot where he fell; the bursting

of an Alpine thunderstorm about an hour after the accident increased the difficulty of the search which was quickly instituted. There were good reasons why the body, if discovered by chance, should be concealed again. Paul wore a valuable watch, and had a good deal more money than prudent people care to carry about in his pocket, and, as it was ascertained that he had not given the diamonds into the jeweller's charge before leaving Neufchâtel, and they were not found among his effects, it was inferred that they, too, were upon him.

Edward passed some weary weeks in Switzerland, a time of fruitless search for the missing body, and of apparently endless formalities with regard to the death, a time which he spent entirely apart from his aunt, who refused to see him, and only communicated with him through Gervase and her other lawyers. Then he returned to England, the gainer of a great inheritance that he did not want, burdened with responsibilities and rich with opportunities that he had never coveted and would gladly have renounced in exchange for the sunny peace of mind he enjoyed when travelling on the rail through the mountains only a few weeks earlier.

Mrs. Annesley stayed on some little time after his departure before she went home, a white-haired, broken-hearted woman. Alice Lingard, the only creature to whom she now showed any affection, remained with her, surrounding her with tender cares, and trying to soften the bitter blow which had fallen upon her. Sibyl and Eleanor had returned to their respective homes immediately after the accident; the two women were thus alone with their loss, and the elder entreated the younger to make her home with her, and remain with her altogether to cheer her desolation.

But Alice, without refusing absolutely to entertain this proposal, said that it was too early yet to form any definite plans; they would wait and consider, and decide nothing till the healing hand of Time had wrought some comfort in Mrs. Annesley's stricken heart.

CHAPTER VII.

BY THE RIVER.

A short time before they left the village in the Jura, Alice one day gathered some late autumn flowers and bound them together, and Gervase Rickman, who had remained with Mrs. Annesley,

journeying backwards and forwards on business connected with Paul's death, asked her for what purpose she had gathered them.

"I am going for a long walk," she replied, evasively, and she did not ask him to accompany her; but he saw her go in the direction of the path which wound along the river's rocky bank towards its source, and presently he went the same way with a view to meeting her, as if by accident.

"That old woman will be the death of her if this goes on much longer," he said to himself, glad that he had urged his father and mother to call her back to Arden.

It was now October; the hush of the solemn autumn lay upon the mountain pastures and the fading, dreaming woods, and, although, lower down in the warm valleys and sheltered folds of the mountains, some grapes still remained glowing in the hot sunshine in the vineyards, and the country was alive with the songs and shouts of the vintagers, and full of the mellow, intoxicating odour of crushed grapes, up there on the green Jura slopes the frosts had been keen and the winds chill. But on this afternoon all was peace; the sun shone warmly with a last, relenting glow before the unchaining of the winter tempests, and Alice was glad to lose herself in the beauty of the quiet season.

She made her way through the wood in which she had rested shortly before she had heard the heavy tidings of Paul's death a month since, and, though the way was long, did not pause until she reached the spot upon the cliff's edge where he slipped and fell on that unfortunate day. There she rested, looking down into the green waters, now turbid from the heavy equinoctial rains, and thought it all over. Then she took the flowers, and threw them carefully down the cliff, so that they might clear the trees and bushes which grew here and there in the unevennesses and clefts in the rocky wall, and fall into the river, where she watched them swerve with the current, and float down the stream, till a jutting buttress of rock hid them from her gaze. Just so Paul's lifeless body must have been borne away. It seemed as if her heart went with the flowers and sank in the waters for ever with the body of her ill-starred lover.

Her face was worn with care, there were dark hollows beneath her eyes; the shadow of Mrs. Annesley's grief lay heavily upon her youth; it was crushing all the brightness out of her, and besides that, she carried the heavy burden of an unspoken fear

within her, and waged a daily, wasting warfare with a suspicion that grew stronger from the combat. She had ceased openly to rebut Mrs. Annesley's accusations of her nephew, but nevertheless the continual allusions made by the latter told upon her. She learnt now of the long rivalry between the cousins, dangerous half-truths; she heard of a quarrel at Medington, though not of the agreement in which it terminated.

Paul had himself betrayed his jealousy of Edward in that unfortunate boat scene; the distant and almost hostile terms on which the cousins were, had been evident to the whole party. Alice knew something of Paul's temper; she knew well what maddening things he could say when his blood was stirred to white heat; she could well imagine that Edward's temper, though sweet enough, would give way before Paul's cutting sarcasms, and betray him into what was foreign to his nature at calmer times. But why had he chosen the tortuous course of concealment, which the words she overheard him say by the river implied?

She could not forgive him that; a man capable of that was not to be trusted, nor was one stained with so dark a thing as homicide worth the thought she was wasting on him. The reproach was already beginning to work upon Annesley.

When Alice had been sitting thus, brooding on these disquieting thoughts a good twenty minutes, during which some of the autumn peace had stolen into her heart, her mournful reverie was broken by the appearance of Gervase Rickman.

"This is not a good place for you," he said, with gentle rebuke; "I am glad you will soon be far away."

"It is a farewell visit," she replied, looking up, her eyes bright with rising tears. "Come and sit on this rock, and tell me exactly what you saw on that day. When I have seen it all in imagination clearly before me, I shall brood less upon it, perhaps."

He sat down at her bidding, and looked wistfully at her, wishing she would ask him anything else, meaning to ask her to spare him the pain of the narration, reflecting that she would think such shrinking on his part unmanly, longing vainly to be saved from a temptation he knew to be beyond his strength.

"Tell me all," she repeated, seeing that he hesitated; "it will do me good."

So he took up his tale, and said that he had followed the

two cousins from the river's source on the day of Paul's death, partly to see what had become of Paul, who had left them for no apparent purpose, partly to help Edward to find some means of carrying Nellie down to Bourget ; that, as he approached the spot on which they were now sitting, where the ground was broken, and sloped suddenly down to the cliff's edge, he heard a cry, and running up, saw Paul clinging to the birch-tree beneath them, the snapped trunk of which showed that it had given way beneath his weight. He saw the tree bound and rebound, before it finally snapped, and Paul fell into the water, and was seen no more. It was his opinion at the time that Paul, who could not swim, had been killed or disabled by striking on the rocky bed of the stream. He called and ran for help, which he found in the shape of some men at work higher up. Edward Annesley then appeared upon the scene. That was the whole story.

"Why did Mr. Annesley not appear sooner, when Paul cried for help?" asked Alice, quietly.

"That I am unable to explain," Gervase returned drily ; "perhaps he did not hear."

"Then why did he come at all?"

"Perhaps he heard, but was too far off to arrive sooner."

"Gervase," said Alice, turning and looking him full in the face ; "you are not telling the whole truth."

He was obliged to meet her eyes for a moment ; but immediately averted his gaze and breathed quickly, not knowing what to say.

"You are concealing something," she repeated.

"There are occasions, Alice," he replied, "on which one is bound in honour to be silent."

Then she remembered the promise she had overheard, and her heart grew faint.

"It may be right for you to be silent," she returned, "but only if you have promised."

"Alice," continued Gervase, earnestly, "unless you wish to do Edward Annesley harm, you had better not enter too closely into details."

"I don't believe it," she replied, vehemently ; "truth will not harm him, but concealment may."

"Well ! I can only repeat what I say : if you wish to injure him, the means are at hand."

Alice plucked a spray of juniper which grew near, and tore it to pieces in agitated silence.

"It is curious," reflected Gervase, "that reigning princes are always at war with heirs-apparent. The Annesleys were the best of friends till this ill-fated inheritance fell to Paul."

"Do you think that set them at variance?"

"Undoubtedly. But Paul had another cause of strife; he was jealous, you know how causelessly, of Edward. Paul never could understand how meaningless are half-a-dozen sugared words from a military man, accustomed to two flirtations a week on an average. He could still less understand that a man who means nothing can be jealous from vanity. He was thoroughly loyal, poor fellow!"

"He was, indeed," Alice replied, absently. She was thinking, with a sinking heart, that she must forget Edward, since he had never cared for her, as Gervase, so good a reader of character, plainly saw, and with brotherly affection and delicate tact pointed out to her. She was thinking, with still deeper pain, that silence with regard to that fatal hour upon the banks of the Doubs was the greatest kindness Edward's friends could show him; his own words on that afternoon as well as Gervase's present hints were witnesses to that. How blinded she had been to his true character by the glamour of her unasked love! How little she had dreamed that the very failing she censured so severely in Paul, want of self-control, was that of the man she preferred before him; the evil heritage of the Annesleys showing itself, not, as in the slain man, in an unbridled surrender of himself to his loves and likings, but in an inability to master the anger Paul's sarcasm and unwarrantable jealousy must have kindled in him. Paul was headlong and uncurbed in love, and thus lost her; Edward was evidently headlong and uncurbed in wrath. She repudiated a yet darker motive on the part of the heir to so rich a property, a motive urged by Mrs. Annesley in moments of confidence; the worst thing to be attributed to Edward probably was yielding to a passionate impulse that circumstances made criminal. She looked at Gervase, and realized that, slight as her strength was comparatively, a vigorous push on her part would send him beyond recovery over the verge, on that broken and mossy ground; she pictured two men walking or standing there, and saw that only blind passion or criminal intention could ignore the fatal issue of a blow in such a spot. And passion so blind, so reckless of consequence amounted to crime. What an inheritance this man had gained! his heart must indeed be hard if he ever

derived any satisfaction from a thing won at so terrible a cost. Her heart went out in pity to him, but she hoped that she was incapable of any warmer feeling for such a man. Yet the pity was so strong that it blanched her face, and set her lip quivering in spite of herself.

"Leave me," she said, turning to Gervase with dimmed eyes ; "let me be a few minutes. If you like to wait in the wood, I can overtake you."

He rose at once and left her, with that quiet air of sympathetic tact which was so distinctive of him, and Alice shaded her face with her hand and watched the turbid waters flowing past. She knew that there could be no more happiness for Edward Annesley in this world unless his heart were quite hard and bad, as few human hearts are ; and she could not think him very bad, hardly as others might judge the man she had been upon the verge of loving. She sat gazing on the river till the hot tears quite blinded her, seeing all her youth and hope borne away upon the green waters which had engulfed Paul Annesley. She wondered how people managed to live whose hopes were broken ; she had heard of maimed lives dragging themselves painfully along through weary sunless years ; she tried to summon her courage to meet such a fate, but it seemed all too soon yet to piece the broken fragments of her life together. She wept on till she almost wept her heart out. Then she grew calm, the mighty peace which brooded over the sunshiny afternoon, with its careless midges fated to die in an hour, its humming-bees busy in the ivy-blossom, and its pigeons fluttering out from the great sombre silent pines, once more touched her heart, and a still mightier peace than even that of Nature sank into it. She felt that a life so broken as hers might be put to some nobler, more unselfish purpose than one in which the music had never been marred. To blend those broken chords into some diviner harmony would henceforth give her soul courage and purpose.

And Edward ? She could only pray for him. Perhaps that strong feeling so near akin to love had been given her that sacrificial incense might not be wanting on his behalf, though he should fail to offer it himself, as was just and due.

She rose and rejoined Gervase in the wood below with a serene face and eyes full of spiritual exaltation. He looked at her for a moment and saw that she had been crying ; then he averted his glance and offered her a bunch of late-blooming heather he had found in a sheltered crevice. She fixed it in the black dress she

wore in memory of Paul, scarcely acknowledging an attention that was so usual with him, and they went tranquilly down the hill-side through the wood and over the marshy waste where the cotton-rush grew, in the lengthening ruddy sunshine, among the gradually hushing sounds of the evening, Alice little dreaming of the passion which enveloped the purple heath-flowers as with burning flame. She clung in spirit to Gervase, leaning all the more upon his quiet brotherly friendship because of the bitterness which had resulted from the love of others. Gervase had loved her, too, but he had known how to conquer a feeling which gave her pain, and she was grateful to him.

When, nearly an hour later, they entered the bleak village street, they saw Edward Annesley leaning over the low stone garden wall of the house in which he lodged, with his face turned towards the setting sun. With a pipe in his mouth and his hands clasped together at the back of his head, which was slightly thrown back to command a better view of the splendid cloud-pageant in the west, the glory of which was reflected on his face, he looked the picture of tranquil enjoyment, and the sight of him grated painfully on Alice's feelings, wound up, as they were, to such a pitch. His heart must indeed be hard, she thought, her own recoiling from the pity she had been lavishing upon him.

When he saw them, he put away the pipe and came to meet them, and the ruddy glow of the sunset faded from his face, which looked pale and careworn.

"I am starting from Neufchâtel to-night for England," he said. "Can I do anything for you, Miss Lingard?"

"Thank you, nothing," she replied coldly, and he saw that her eyes had recently been full of tears and that her face wore the spiritual calm of conquered sorrow.

"You won't forget the parcel for my sister, Annesley, will you?" said Gervase.

"Certainly not. I will give it into her own hands," he replied. "Good-bye, Miss Lingard."

"Good-bye." She suffered him to take her unresponsive hand in his firm clasp and passed on, glad to think she should meet him no more, at least for the present; and he remained, gazing after her wistfully, with a vague presentiment that he might never see her again.

Gervase left Alice at the hotel door and then returned to Edward, who was no longer gazing at the sunset but upon the

blank high front of the hotel, which rose sheer and unbroken from the street, vaguely suggesting mountain desolation without its accompanying grandeur.

"I am afraid she is feeling it terribly," he said, when Gervase came up.

"Poor girl! what can you expect?" replied Gervase. "The only wonder to me is that she bears up so bravely. It does her no good to be here upon the scene, making pilgrimages to the fatal spot and throwing flowers into that dark and dreary river."

"Of course not," he returned, wondering how Gervase could speak of those things in that offhand way. He had himself seen her leave the village with the garden flowers, and it was not difficult to guess where she had been. "Do try and get her away, Rickman. I cannot understand," he added, after a pause, "why they were not formally engaged. There is no doubt now that she did care for him."

"None whatever. But Paul's was a morbid, jealous nature; he may have taken a mere rebuff for a refusal."

"True."

"The best of women have little coquettish ways which men never understand," pursued Gervase, with a reflective air. "A girl draws back half shyly, half to bring her lover on, and the stupid fellow takes her literally and flies off in a fury and throws himself into the nearest pond, if he does not take to drinking."

"Women should be more honest," said Edward, fiercely. "They should not drive men who love them to despair. Yet the woman always gets the worst of it in the end."

"It depends on the kind of woman."

"Do you think she has any suspicion of the truth?" he continued.

"No, I think not. Indeed I am sure not."

"I trust she never will."

"She will canonize Paul and pass the remainder of her days in worshipping the memory of the man she drove to desperation in his lifetime. It is a pity."

"She is young. Time will heal her."

"You don't know Alice Lingard, Annesley. Her life was spoilt by that unlucky occurrence on the river. Poor girl! Sibyl, now, is of a different stamp; yet they are wonderfully alike in some respects. I'll see you to the station. Time is up."

PART IV.—CHAPTER I.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

THE great elms bordering the lane leading to Arden Manor had just completed their yearly toilet, and spread out broad masses of delicate green foliage, as yet unstained by dust and undarkened by sun, against the clear blue sky, over which little clouds floated high up, pearly and ethereal as fairy cars. The cottage gardens were balmy with the indescribable freshness of lilac flowers ; an occasional rose in a sunny corner opened its sweet blossom with a sort of shy wonder at its own beauty, and was a treasure for a village lad to give to a sweetheart, because it was so rare. The may had not yet faded from the thorn hedges, it bloomed white in the hollows of the downs, flushing pink and pinker as summer drew on ; buttercups made the deep pastures sheets of burnished gold ; the spicy breath of clover filled the air.

"I hreckon Squire Rickman 'll hae a powerful weight of hay this year, Dan'l Pink," Raysh Squire prophesied, as he took a thoughtful survey of the meadow which lay beyond the rickyard, by the rail fence of which he was standing in the fresh sunshine one fine afternoon.

The shepherd was too much pre-occupied to give serious heed to Raysh's prophecies. With out-stretched arms and thoughtful face he stood making strange, dog-like noises at a few sheep, which had slipped by mischance from the pen in the midst of the straw-yard before the great barn, when the hurdles had been opened narrowly so as to let the sheep through one by one into the barn, the folding doors of which stood wide, and upon the floor of which knelt bare-armed shearers, each with a heap of panting wool before him, through which the shears moved with a quick glitter and snapping, sometimes followed by a piteous bleat if a maladroit movement drove the keen points into the tender flesh.

Rough, the wolf-like sheep-dog, barked with zealous skill on the opposite side, and soon managed, with his master's help, to drive the wanderers back into their narrow fold, where they stood huddled closely together, heavy-fleeced and snow-white from their recent washing, vainly protesting by querulous

bleatings against the spoliation their brethren were undergoing. Perhaps they were anticipating the time when they too would lie mute and defenceless beneath the shearer's hands, and then arise, white and attenuated, and trot, the thin spectres of their former plump, fleecy selves, out at the opposite door into the green meadow beyond, where the shorn creatures nibbled at the sweet grass in the sunshine, plaintively bemoaning their unaccustomed lightness, with their slim bodies sometimes streaked with blood.

It was an anxious time for Daniel ; bleak winds and chill rains might still come in these early June days ; he could not bear to see the cruel marks upon the creatures' sides, and was inclined to blame the shearers' clumsiness, while they laid it to the charge of the sheep, who were apt, after a few minutes' perfect quiescence, to kick out of a sudden and jerk the operator's hand. It was not quite so bad as lambing time, and was sooner over, but Daniel was always thankful when shearing-time was well at an end, and the sheep had become accustomed to the loss of their winter coats. Not so the boys, half-a-dozen of whom were standing about ; they delighted in the fun and frolic of helping to catch the stray sheep and haul them along with many a tumble and tussle, now and then holding a restive creature for the shearer. Still more they delighted in the washing, which had taken place down yonder at the valley farm, where there was a good pond with hatches, and where one of the lads, helping to push a great fat ram in the water, had fallen plump in with the struggling beast, to the loudly-shouted mirth of the rest.

All the boys on the farm were gathered about the barn and foldyard, with the farmer's sons and the rector's pupils ; the gardener was busy in the barn, the cow-man stopped and looked in to see how the shearers were getting on, on his way from the cow-house with the evening's milk foaming in the pails ; John Nobbs, the bailiff, stood by the pen with his stout legs apart and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and allowed it was " mis'able warm ; " Mam Gale, from the " Traveller's Rest," was there to serve out the ale, the four o'clock, in place of the bailiff's wife, who was laid by ; a smart and smiling maid, another of the shepherd's daughters, attended her ; the farm-yard was full of sunshiny bustle, and alive with the chatter of human voices, the bleating and lowing of animals, and cackle of poultry.

Mr. Rickman stood by the bailiff with a pensive air, and looked on with a sort of gentle enquiry in his eyes, remarking to Gervase, who had ridden over from Medington that afternoon, that a master's eye was everything. So Gervase thought, and his keen glance was everywhere, and every one knew it. The cow-man lingered no more than was reasonable on his way to the dairy ; the boys took care to play no tricks, or let sheep through the fold ; the carters, bringing their horses in from the fields, loitered scarcely at all while watering them ; the shearers did not pause in their work while they chattered with that arch-gossip, Raysh Squire, whose special object in being there it was not easy to define, unless it were that he considered it his duty as parish clerk to keep an eye on the vicar's handful of sheep, since those ecclesiastical creatures were undergoing the same fate as their lay brethren.

Yet this was scarcely necessary, since not only Joshua Young, the vicarage gardener and factotum, was lending a hand, but the vicar himself, his round hat on the back of his head on account of the heat, and his spectacles accurately balanced upon his nose, stood by Mr. Rickman's side and looked upon the group of shearers with interest. Whether the scene suggested any analogy with a tithe dinner to him he did not say.

"A pleasing spectacle, Merten," Mr. Rickman observed to him ; "so primitive and pastoral. Virgil's eyes beheld it, and even David's. Much as science has done in destroying the poetry of rural life, we do not yet shear our sheep by steam."

"Or electricity," added Gervase ; "but we shall."

"I am glad the weather is warm for the poor things," said Mr. Merten, who was eminently practical, and cared more about the welfare of his own little flock than all the fashions of sheep-tending, past or future.

"It is fortunate, or rather providential. Providence truly tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," replied Mr. Rickman, under the impression that he was quoting Scripture, and thus paying a fitting compliment to Mr. Merten's cloth.

The proverb was new to the shepherd, who took it in with his outward ears and laid it aside in the dim cells of his memory for future contemplation. At present he was fully occupied with an idea which had come to him years ago, and which refreshed him annually, if the weather was fine, when he stood in Arden farmyard at shear time, and looked through the two sets of open

barn-doors to the upland meadow beyond—the meadow steeped in sunshine till the grass was liquid emerald and its peacefully pasturing sheep were made of transparent light. The shadowed barn, into which some few shafts of light shot transversely, irradiating far dark corners, made a black frame for the sunny mead, thus enhancing its brilliance and lending it an ethereal beauty. Paradise, the shepherd thought, must be something like that green, flower-starred meadow, glowing with living light. Up there the Celestial Shepherd's flock rested peacefully, feeding in the warm radiance, some of them with bleeding sides that would soon be healed for ever. Down in the yard they were penned together, hungering, panting, scared, driven they knew not whither or wherefore, like men in the cruel world. Sooner or later all must lie under the shearer's hands, like men beneath the stern shears of necessity; those that kicked bled, those that lay still beneath the sharp blades were unwounded, and more quickly set at liberty in the sweet pastures above. So the shepherd mused, looking stolid and vacant, as he stood in his smock frock with his crook in his hand, pulling his forelock in answer to some question addressed to him by the vicar.

"Shear-time aint what it was when you and me was young, Mam Gale," said Raysh Squire, graciously accepting a mug of four o'clock from the latter. "I minds when half the countryside come to a shear feast."

"And bide half the night the volk would, wi' viddles and singing," she replied. "Many's the song I've a yeard you zing at shear-time, Master Squire. Massy on us! here comes Squire Annesley!"

The shearers' eyes were all lifted at the click of the farm-gate, through which Edward Annesley was just riding in search of Gervase Rickman, whom he had tracked from his office in Medington and finally run to earth at Arden.

Seeing Mr. Rickman, he got off, giving his horse in charge of a carter. The man was pleased to have the handling of a well-bred horse, if only for five minutes; he examined the sleek, well-groomed creature all over, taking in its points and patting its beautiful neck with a look of broad satisfaction, while the rider walked round the pen to the three gentlemen, whose backs were turned, so that they were not aware of his presence until he had nearly joined them, when Gervase came to meet him.

Mr. Rickman received him with his wonted cordiality, but the Vicar, with a distant salutation to the new-comer, said something

about an appointment and hurried away, promising to look in later.

Edward's face flushed and darkened as he looked after the retreating figure of the clergyman, and he made some satirical reference to the unusual amount of business the latter appeared to have on hand.

"It is too bad of me to invade your leisure, Rickman," he added; "for if any mortal man earns his holidays, you do. But I shall not be in Medington for a day or two, and I want five minutes' conversation with you, if you can spare them. How well your sheep look, Mr. Rickman! Are these the prize South-downs?"

"These?" echoed Mr. Rickman with a puzzled air. "I rather think they are; eh, Gervase?"

"Those in the meadow," replied Gervase; and he asked Edward if he remembered when Mr. Rickman could not be made to understand why the sheep-washing could not be deferred till after the shearing, which he thought would be so much more convenient.

"I remember that sheep-shearing well," Edward replied. "Paul and I stayed here a couple of nights one Whitsuntide holidays." The peculiar, unpleasant smell of the sheep, their querulous bleating, the click of shears and clack of tongues, brought back the far-off sunny holidays clearly, with a mixture of pleasure and pain to his mind. The long-ago always has something sad, however sweet it may be; but subsequent events had given these memories a sting. The two boys had helped to push the unwilling sheep into the water. Once they stole some shears and cut the horses' manes and poor little Sibyl's hair. She used to trot after them like a little dog, and was always putting them up to mischief, and involving them in scrapes, innocent in intention. He could see her great dark eyes, and hear Paul's merry laugh now. It pained him to recall those golden days, and think how far they then were from dreaming of the black shadow which was to rise between them, extinguishing one life, darkening the other.

"Ay, to be sure; how the time goes and the children spring up," Mr. Rickman said, as they went past the monastic-looking barns and the bailiff's stone-buttressed house to the Manor; "how the time goes and nothing remains," he repeated, going in and leaving them alone to despatch their business.

Scarcely a year had passed since Paul's death, and little more

than a year since the fated inheritance fell to him so unexpectedly by the extinction of the elder branch of Annesleys. But Edward looked years older than when some fifteen months before an accident brought him to Arden Manor to tangle the web of so many lives. Gervase Rickman would not now call him a good-looking fool if he saw him for the first time. His face then wore the unwritten expression of early youth, that strange half-tranced look which has such a charm for the world-worn and weary; it was stamped to-day with an indelible record; the features, beautiful then with young and gentle curves, had become marked and masculine, though what was lost in grace was gained in strength. The old ready smile and frank, good-humoured look had given place to a stern, almost defiant expression. He was now grave and taciturn; the reproach of which Mrs. Annesley had spoken seemed branded upon him.

Was that Squire Annesley? one of the shearers who came from a distance was asking, and was it true, as folk averred, that he had sold himself to the devil for Gledesworth lands?

"Some say there's a curse on the Gledesworth lands, and it do seem like it," John Nobbs replied; "there was never a Squire of Gledesworth without trouble yet."

"Ah! Mr. Nobbs, there's that on the back of Squire Annesley would break any one of ourn, let alone the heft of the curse," added Mam Gale, with a mysterious air.

"What was it he done?" asked the shearer.

"Some say he shoved 'tother one over cliff," replied Raysh Squire. "Whatever he done he drove a bad bargain for hisself. Gledesworth lands is wide and Gledesworth lands is rich, but all Gledesworth lands isn't worth what goes on in-side of he."

"Bad luck they lands brings," said a shearer; "look at Squire Paul!"

"A good dacter was spiled in he," observed Mam Gale, thoughtfully inverting her tin mugs to get rid of heel-taps; "he had as good a eye for the working of volks' in-zides as Mr. Nobbs hev fur the pints of beestes. Poor Ellen, she couldn't go off comfortable without him. 'Twas he zent our Hreub abroad with young Mrs. Annesley, and made a man of 'n."

Then the others recalled traits of Paul's excellence. Joshua Young dilated on the wild wet night-ride he had taken to his father; Raysh averred that no one else had ever grappled so successfully with Grandmother Squire's rheumatism; Jim Reed,

one of the shearers, showed the scars on his arm, which had once been torn in a threshing-machine, and which Paul Annesley had saved from amputation. To Paul, as to many another artist, fame came in full flood when death had made him deaf to it.

"A understanden zart of a dacter was Paul Annesley," said John Nobbs. "You minds when I was down in the fever, Dan'l Pink. There was I with no more power of meself than a drie weeks babe. This yer hand," he held up a broad brown fist in the sunshine, "was so thin as a eggshell; you med a looked drough 'en. My missus, she giv me up. Mr. Merten said 'twas pretty nigh time to think on my zins. Squire Hrickman, he called in a town doctor, let alone doctering of me hisself. Thinks I to mezelf, 'John Nobbs,' I thinks, 'you've a got to goo, and the quieter you goos the better, they wunt let your widow want while she keeps her health for dairy work.' There I bid a bed and never knowed night from noon. Dr. Annesley, he came in and felt the pulse of me. Then he looks pretty straight at me, 'John Nobbs,' he says, 'you've got down mis'able low, but you've a powerful fine constitution, it's a pity to let a constitution like yourn goo,' he says, kind of sorrowful. 'There aint a man in Arden,' he says, 'with a better eye fur cattle than yourn, John Nobbs.' When he said this yer, I sort of waked up, fur I zimmed going off quiet like when he come in, and darned if I didn't begin to cry, I was that weak and low. 'Come now,' he says, 'you aint easy beät, John Nobbs; you've abeen through wet harvests and bad lambing times, and you never give in. Don't you give in to this yer fever, John Nobbs. Drink off this yer stuff and make up your mind you wunt be beät, and you'll hae the laugh of we doctors,' he says cheerful and easy. 'Make up your mind you wun't be beät, John Nobbs,' he says. With that he poured some warm stuff into me and he heft me up in bed and put some pillows hround me, and bid me look out of window. Thinks I to myself, 'You med so well hae another look hround, John Nobbs, avore you go.' And there when I looked hround athirt the archard, where the apple-trees was all hred with bloom and the sunshine was coming down warm on them, and I zeen wuld Sorrel in close with a foal capering at her zide, and the meadow beyond put up for hay with the wind blowing the grass about, and smelt the beän-blossom drough the open window, and zeen everything coming on so nice, I zimmed miserable queer. Then I says to mezelf, 'John Nobbs,' I zes, 'you look sharp and get up and mow that there grass, and thank the Lord, who have give you as

good a eye for judgen cattle and as good a hand for a straight furrow as any man alive,' I zes. And here I be," he added in conclusion, passing a red handkerchief over his broad face.

"Sure enough, Mr. Nobbs, there you be," echoed Raysh, thoughtfully surveying the bailiff's substantial amplitude of body as if trying to persuade himself that he was indeed no aerial vision likely to fade from his gaze. "Without he you'd a ben in lytten long with your vatther up in the north-east carner by the wall; aye, you'd a ben in church lytten, Mr. Nobbs, sure enough."

"They do say 'twas all along of a ooman they two fell out," said Joshua Baker.

"Zure enough," replied Mam Gale, "Miss Lingard favoured the captain first, then comes the doctor and she favoured he, and then they both come together and she favoured 'em both and they fell out."

"Ah," said one of the shearers, pausing in the act of turning over the sheep upon the floor before him, "wherever there's mischief there's a ooman, I'll warn't."

"Womankind," observed Raysh with mournful acquiescence, "is a auspicious* zart, a ter'ble auspicious zart is the female zart."

"Womankind," retorted Mam Gale, who was leaving the barn with leisurely reluctance, "med hae their vaults, as I wunt deny. But massy on us! come to think of men volk; when their vaults is took away, there ain't nothen left of 'em, not a scridnick."

"Womankind," continued Raysh, majestically disregarding this interruption, "was made to bring down the pride of man, Adam, he was made fust, and he got that proud and vore-right drough having nobody to go agen en, there was no bearen of 'n. Then Eve, she was made, and she pretty soon brought 'n down, and that was the Fall of Man as you med all hread in the Bible."

"You goo on, Raysh," retorted Jim Reed; "you thinks nobody knows the Bible athout 'tis you."

"Well, I 'lows this young ooman have got summat to answer for," said the stranger shearer; "she ought to a cleaved to one and left t'other, which is likewise in the Bible, instead of wivveren about between the two to their destruction."

"It's a mis'able bad job, and talking won't mend it," said

* Does Raysh mean—pernicious?

John Nobbs, turning the conversation, when he saw Sibyl standing on the granary steps at the other end of the yard, scattering handfuls of grain before her for the fowls, who came hurriedly flocking from all parts, cackling and clucking and jostling one another as they rushed helter-skelter in response to her call.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUESTION.

The business for which Annesley had wished to see Gervase Rickman was soon transacted, and did not involve even going into the house. While they were still talking and pacing up and down beneath the fresh-leaved trees, Hubert the deer-hound came bounding up in his long sweeping stride and placed his muzzle confidently in Edward's hand, looking up at him with a world of affection in his soft dark eyes.

"This creature loves me," he said, patting his head; "dogs are whimsical in their likings: some instinct must tell him that I like him."

"He takes no notice of me, the brute," replied Gervase with asperity; he was jealous of the dog, who favoured him with a watchful side-long glance. "I had to thrash him once, and he never forgave it."

"And I never will," was the mute response in Hubert's eye.

"His mistress cannot be far off," Gervase added; "perhaps you will come in, Annesley—the ladies are all at home."

"I had intended calling before I heard that you were here," he replied with a hesitating air. "Oh, there is your father," he said, catching sight of Mr. Rickman, who was issuing from the hall porch with his usual bewildered air, as if he had just waked from a sound sleep, and was wondering where on earth he was. In a moment Annesley had joined the old gentleman and was asking him to give him a few minutes in private, to which Mr. Rickman readily assented, taking him to his study, an apartment which had formerly suggested a necromancer's cave to Edward's boyish imagination, stuffed as it was with all kinds of uncanny things—fossils, skeletons, minerals, insects, and odd bones, with unpleasant-looking bottles in which reptiles appeared to be writhing and turning.

A chair was with some difficulty cleared from the general

overflow of papers, parchments and books, and placed opposite Mr. Rickman's own arm-chair, in which he sat, regarding his guest attentively and trying to remember if he had recently applied to him on any subject connected with the house or land which he held of him. For Edward Annesley had for some months past been in undisputed possession of the Gledesworth estates, though there had at first been some difficulty in getting probate of Paul's will in consequence of the body not having been found. Gervase, however, had managed cleverly, so that the Gledesworth affairs had been settled in a surprisingly short time. His evidence as an eye-witness of the death had satisfied the Court of Probate, before which Edward Annesley had not been summoned.

A vague notion that rent must be due was the sole result of Mr. Rickman's mental interrogation, which continued for some seconds, while Annesley sat silent, looking down upon a pile of dusty volumes heaped pell-mell at his feet.

"I think, Mr. Rickman," he said at last, "that you are Miss Lingard's guardian."

"I am one of her trustees, I never was her guardian; she will soon be of age," he replied, surprised at the question.

"At all events," continued Annesley, "you stand in place of a father to her."

"She is my adopted child, Annesley," he replied; "she is the same to us as our own daughter—we have had her so long. I question whether the tie of consanguinity is as strong as is generally supposed. There is no trace of it in the lower animals; family feelings in man are the result of imagination, strengthened by religion, inherited social instincts, and above all of habit. Perhaps I may be permitted to observe——"

"And habit has made Miss Lingard your daughter, sir," interrupted Edward. "I need not tell you what my circumstances are, because you know. I came to tell you that I have long loved your adopted daughter, and desire your permission to pay my addresses to her."

"You wish," replied Mr. Rickman in extreme amazement, "to marry—Alice?"

"Yes. It seemed right to ask your permission before asking hers."

Mr. Rickman very deliberately removed his glasses, and, taking his handkerchief, began to polish them with extreme diligence. Having assured himself of their spotless brilliance,

he replaced them at his eyes with accurate care and looked through them thoughtfully at his guest.

"My permission," he repeated with a troubled air—"my permission. My dear Mr. Annesley, this is a very great surprise to me—a very great surprise. I had understood—I had been led to suppose—Ah! perhaps you are not aware that Miss Lingard's affections have already been given—your poor cousin."

Edward's face darkened, but his gaze met Mr. Rickman's steadily.

"Your poor cousin," continued Mr. Rickman, "had been paying his addresses to her for some time at the date of his death; I am told, with only too good success. Certainly the poor child has never been the same since."

"I know it," he replied, "and on that account do not expect to win her in a moment."

Mr. Rickman moved uneasily in his chair and looked out of the lattice window into the drooping gold splendour of a laburnum, and watched the languid flight of a bee humming about the blossom.

"I do not recommend you to prosecute the suit, Mr. Annesley," he said after a pause. "Alice is a woman of deep feeling; she will not forget her dead lover quickly, if at all. You will only waste time and hope."

"That is my concern," he returned. "The question is, have I your permission—have you anything to urge against me?"

As he said this, he looked so steadily and even sternly at Mr. Rickman, and his breath came so quickly through his nostrils above his close-shut lips, that the old gentleman's mild eyes quailed and fell, and he looked the picture of embarrassed misery, fidgeting on his chair as if it had been the gridiron of St. Lawrence, seeking words and finding none.

"Is there any reason why I may not ask Miss Lingard to be my wife?" repeated Edward sternly.

"My dear Edward," replied Mr. Rickman, driven to bay, "you must be aware that there is a—a certain stigma upon your name—a—a reproach."

"What reproach?" he demanded proudly.

"My dear Annesley, I believe you incapable of the wrong imputed to you, pray believe that. If I thought differently, of course I should not have received you at my house and allowed my family to enter yours. But you must acknowledge that such a stigma is a serious drawback."

"I acknowledge it," he replied.

"I think," continued Mr. Rickman, "that the stigma might be removed by the simple expedient of relating in detail all that you did on that unfortunate afternoon. There seems to be a hiatus in your narrative, which no doubt you could easily fill."

Here Mr. Rickman was manifestly wrong, since to answer vague slander is to give it bodily form and substance, and since a slandered man's statements are of little weight. But what he really meant in his heart was that Edward should remove whatever vagueness there was in the knowledge of his intimate friends—himself in particular—of the details of Paul's death.

"You are mistaken, sir," he replied. "No words of mine could remove the stigma, such as it is. I could not fill the hiatus. All I can do is to live it down, as I shall in time. I have, as you probably know, a bitter enemy; who may repent. The question is, do you forbid me to ask your adopted child to marry me?"

"It is very sad," sighed Mr. Rickman, mournfully toying with the bone of some extinct creature. "Very sad. But I can scarcely venture to forbid you. I must refer you to Alice herself. I shall not forbid her, but should she seek counsel of me, I should certainly not advise her to marry a man who is—forgive me for saying what is no doubt too well known to you—ostracized by his class." But it was not the public ostracism which weighed most with Mr. Rickman; he thought that Edward owed a full explanation to the family into which he proposed to marry.

"If I am cut by the county," replied Edward, "I need not live at Gledesworth. I have already offered my mother and sisters the choice of any place they like to live in. We could let or leave Gledesworth. But the best plan for me is to stay and live it down. And my mother has agreed to stand by me and share it all."

"I have protested," said Mr. Rickman, with an air of relief, "according to my duty. I will say no more. (Besides," he reflected, "as she is certain not to accept him, it does not really matter whether I object or not.) I do not forbid your suit, but I warn you that it will not be successful. Under the circumstances, you are the last man to make Alice false to the memory of Paul Annesley."

Edward thanked him and rose to take leave of him. "You are very good to me, Mr. Rickman," he said shaking his hand; "and though you do not encourage me, at least believe that I will do my best to be worthy to win her."

"Don't go yet, they are all at home, I think," said Mr. Rickman, satisfied that he had fully done his duty in throwing all his faculties into the interests of every-day life for a time, and glad to retire mentally into his world of abstractions and theories once more; "let us go and find them."

Edward and Alice had scarcely met since Paul's death. On the rare occasions of his calling at Arden Manor, she had seldom appeared, and although she visited his mother and sisters at Gledesworth Park, her visits had occurred when he was away with his battery. Once or twice they had met in the street at Medington, where Alice often paid visits of weeks' duration to Mrs. Walter Annesley, who lived on still in her creeper-covered house in the High Street, though in greater state than of old; but they had not stopped to speak to each other, on account of Mrs. Annesley's presence. For Mrs. Annesley had refused to meet any of the Gledesworth Annesleys since her son's death. She had been much discomposed at the readiness with which probate of her son's will had been granted by the Court. She complained to Gervase that Edward ought to have been summoned as a witness of the death. At which Gervase smiled mysteriously, and observed that it was unnecessary, since the Court entertained no suspicion that he had evidence to give. Only those present in court knew what Gervase's deposition was; the transaction was too unimportant to be published.

Once Alice, at Gervase's request, had attended a political meeting at which the county member addressed his constituents, previous to a re-election. Paul had then been dead about seven months, and Edward, over-persuaded by Gervase, had consented to make one of the party on the platform and deliver a brief speech when called upon to do so. Except the member and one or two inferior local politicians, no one there had appeared aware of his existence.

When it came to his turn to speak, he stood up and gazed with dim eyes and a whirling brain upon the unaccustomed sight of a sea of expectant human faces beneath him, and the concentrated weight of all life's sorrows and sins came crushing upon him, in the anguish of a first effort at public speaking.

He was too nervous to notice that the applause, which in some measure greeted the rising of every other speaker, and which in Gervase's case had been tumultuous, was not forthcoming for him, nor did his unaccustomed ear catch an ominous sibilation which grew into loud hisses. Once he had plunged into a burning house and rescued some sleeping children, rushing through a sheet of flame to what seemed certain death, with closed eyes, singeing hair and sobbing breath. With the same feeling of mortal agony and the same determined hardening of his heart he now plunged into the scorching flame of public speech, and was greatly surprised when his preliminary "Ladies and gentlemen" floated tranquilly through the building without provoking any convulsion of nature, or even bringing the roof down, and he began to say without hesitation or circumlocution that he approved of the programme just presented to them by their member. Having done this in about six words, he paused, reflecting that he might as well sit down, since he had nothing more to say, and wishing the others would be as expeditious, when the momentary silence was broken by the following sentence flung out in a high harsh voice from the back benches, "Who killed Paul Annesley?"

Cries of "Order!" and "Turn him out!" made a momentary confusion, and then Edward, roused to defiance, with the sweat standing on his face, began again, his nerves steadied by the spirit of battle, and dilated upon some detail of the member's programme, interrupted by hisses, whistles and cries of "Cain!" "Cain!" until he had to sit down, at the instance of those near him, in spite of his fierce determination to face the matter out.

Gervase afterwards maintained that these cries came from purely Conservative sources, and were merely an attempt to obstruct and break up the Liberal meeting; but as the meeting passed off quietly after the police had forcibly ejected one or two ardent spirits, it was difficult to believe that the personality had only a political origin.

Alice never forgot the look on Edward's face when he sat down after this, with his arms folded on his breast.

"He should have left the room," she said, discussing it afterwards.

"Oh, no!" objected Sibyl. "It was better to face it out, like the brave man he is."

"He will never again take an active part in local politics,"

commented Gervase. "I wish I had not advised him to begin so soon."

When Mrs. Walter Annesley heard of the occurrence, she laughed and observed that Heaven was just; but to Alice she said nothing, the two having agreed that Edward Annesley's name was not to be mentioned between them.

When Mr. Rickman conducted Edward from his study after their private interview, they found Alice and Sibyl in the garden behind the house, entertaining Horace Merten and his sister, a child of twelve, who had strolled in from the vicarage. Tea was set on a table under the apple-trees, the grey ridge of the solemn down rose high against the tranquil blue of the sky, and, but for the fulness of the leaves, the loss of the apple-bloom and the difference of the flowers in the borders on either side of the broad turf walk, the scene was the same as on that April day the year before, when Paul and Edward had surprised each other there. The pungent fragrance of burning weeds helped the similitude, and the tall St. Joseph's lilies, with their dazzling white petals and hearts of virgin gold, stood as sentinels behind Alice, in place of the soldier-like narcissus, which had then poised their green lances and held their heads erect behind her.

Alice rose from the bench on which she was sitting and came to meet him; when she took his offered hand he looked in search of the old unspeakable something he had formerly seen there, but he found nothing save a settled sorrow in the glance that met his so tranquilly. His heart misgave him, and he knew that he must wait before he could win her; her loss was still too fresh. He sat there like one in a dream, gazing at the young people who were shooting at the target, and stroking the head Hubert laid on his knee, while Mrs. Rickman chatted tranquilly, and Gervase preluded upon his violin at a little distance, where he could see everybody and watch them, thinking many thoughts which his music helped.

When Alice came to the tea-table Edward placed his chair for her and stood at her side, leaning against a tree, and began hoping that she would not fail to be one of the luncheon party at Gledesworth at the end of the week.

"If you do not come this time," he said in a low tone, so that others might not hear, "I shall begin to think you have some quarrel against me."

"Oh! Mr. Annesley," she replied earnestly, "pray do not think that."

"I have enemies," he continued in the same low voice. "I hope you are not among them. You promised once that you would be my friend, if you remember."

"And I am your friend," she replied, raising her eyes and speaking very clearly though softly and a little tremulously; "I could never be otherwise."

"Thank you," he replied, and he almost started when he discovered Gervase close at hand offering him a seat, to take which obliged him to leave Alice, since her chair was on the outside of the semicircle, and the only vacant chair was at the other end next Sibyl, who turned at his approach and welcomed him with her usual cordial smile.

"Do you *like* being in the army, Mr. Annesley?" asked little Kate Merten across the table all of a sudden, in a silence which followed some peaceful and common-place discussion.

"Naturally, Miss Kate. I entered the service of my own will," he replied. "Why do you ask? Would you object to it if you were a boy?"

"Then how will you like having to leave it?" continued the ingenuous maiden. "Papa says you were recommended to resign——"

"Kate, be quiet," muttered her brother, pinching her.

"Well, he did, Horace, you heard him," she went on, "and you said it was as good as being turned out."

"If ever I go out again with that brat!" thought Horace, trying to stop the child's tongue; but Edward would not have her quieted.

"You may tell your papa that I have not been recommended to resign," he said. "You need not scold your sister, Mr. Merten; she merely shows me what a very kind interest people take in my affairs," he added sarcastically.

After this the conversation was forced and spasmodic, and it gradually dawned upon little Miss Merten that she had made a hole in her manners, for which she would subsequently suffer penance. Edward wondered if the fact of his having actually been recommended to leave the service by a brother officer of subaltern rank, as a means of escaping a coldness that threatened to grow into ostracism, could possibly have become known, and so have given rise to this report.

He sat silently sipping his tea, with a gloomy face and eyes bent on the turf at his feet. Sibyl looked at him, the soft fire of her dark eyes all clouded with pity, and the tenderest

sympathy speaking from her sweet face. Her father, usually so unobservant, surprised the look, and his own lined face softened. "What a pity!" he thought to himself, "my clever little Sib!" Gervase saw it, and his face darkened; Alice saw nothing but the grass on which her eyes, like Edward's, were bent in silent melancholy. Then Edward looked up and caught the full stress of yearning compassion in Sibyl's guileless face and his heart was touched; for a sympathy, so complete, so mute, and so impotent is rarely seen in a human face, but sometimes in a faithful animal's loving gaze. For an instant Sibyl's beautiful soul seemed to meet his and surprise him with its sweetness; then a ripple of laughter passed over her face, and she began to rally him on his melancholy. "We are all so dull and heavy to-night, there must be thunder in the air," she said. "Alice, do tell us how you went to the Dorcas meeting at Medington and how the curate came in to tea with the fifty Dorcas ladies. I often wonder what we should do if curates were abolished," she added. "There would be nothing to amuse people in little towns."

"Oh! this story is too humiliating to our poor sex," replied Alice, rousing herself from painful thought; "besides, I leave all the little malicious tales to you, Sibyl; no one can surpass you in that line."

"Unlucky curate, to fall into Sibbie's hands," commented Gervase.

But not even Sibyl's matchless description of the solitary and bashful curate having tea with fifty grimly virtuous ladies could beguile the heaviness from Edward Annesley's face, though he joined in the laughter it provoked; nor did all the merry discussions and illustrations of curate-worship as practised in the Anglican communion, which Gervase enriched by anecdotes, more amusing than authentic, appear to interest him.

Some haunting care embittered everything; he had the pre-occupied look of a man who is perpetually remembering something he would like to forget.

(To be continued.)

Character in Children.

WHAT get I from my father?
 Lusty life and vig'rous will;
 What, from my gentle mother?
 Cheerful days and poet's skill :— *

says Goethe ; for poets, like the rest of us, are born, not made, and get the most of what they are from their parents. But it did not take poet or modern scientist to discover this ; people have known it time out of mind. Like father, like child, they said, and were satisfied ; for it was not the way in earlier days to thresh out the great facts of life. Not so now, we talk about it, and about it ; call it *heredity*, and take it into count in our notions at any rate, if not in our practice. Nobody writes a biography now without attempting to produce progenitors and early surroundings that shall account for his man or his woman. This fact of heredity is very much before the public, and, by and by, will have its bearing on the loose notions people hold about education. In this sort of way—"Harold is a bright little boy, but he hasn't the least power of attention."

"Oh, I know he hasn't ; but then, poor child, he can't help it ! 'What's bred in the bone—' you know ; and we are feather-brained on both sides of the house."

Now the practical educational question of our day is just this, Can he help it ? or, Can his parents help it ? or, Must the child sit down for life with whatever twist he has inherited ? The fact is, many of us, professional teachers, have been taking aim rather beside the mark ; we talk as if the development of certain faculties were the chief object of education : and we point to our results, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, physical, with a

* "Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
 Des Lebens ernstes Führen;
 Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
 Und Lust zu fabuliren."

—See there, what culture can effect! But we forget that the child has inborn cravings after all we have given him. Just as the healthy child must have his dinner and his bed, so, too, does he crave for knowledge, perfection, beauty, power, society; and all he wants is opportunity. Give him opportunities of loving and learning, and he will love and learn, for " 'tis his nature to." Whoever has taken note of the sweet reasonableness, the quick intelligence, the bright imaginings of a child, will think the fuss we make about the right studies for developing these, is like asking, How shall we get a hungry man to eat his dinner?

Many a man got his turn for natural science because, as a boy, he lived in the country, and had a chance to observe living things and their ways. Nobody took pains to develop his faculty; all he had was opportunity. If the boy's mind is crammed with other matters, he has no opportunity, and you may meet men of culture who have lived most of their lives in the country, and don't know a thrush from a blackbird. I know of a woman who has developed both a metaphysical and a literary turn, because, as a girl of ten, she was allowed to browse on old volumes of the *Spectator*, the most telling part of her education, she thinks. Again, I have watched this winter an extraordinary educational result of opportunity. A friend, interested in a Working Boys' Club, undertook to teach a class to model in clay. There was no selection made; the boys were mill boys, taken as they came in, with no qualifications, except that, as their teacher said, they had not been spoilt—that is, they had not been taught to draw in the ordinary way. She gave them clay, a model, one or two modelling tools, and also, being an artist, the *feeling* of the object to be copied. After half-a-dozen lessons, the sort of things they produced cannot be called less than works of art; and delightful it was to see the vigour and spirit they worked with, the artistic instinct which caught the sentiment of the object, as, the creases made by a little foot which make a child's shoe a thing to kiss. This lady maintains that she only *let out* what was in the boys; but she did more, her own art-enthusiasm forced out artistic effort. Even taking into account the enthusiasm of the teacher—I wish we might always count on that factor—this remains a fair case to prove our point, which is, give them opportunity and direction, and children will do the greater part of their own education, intellectual, æsthetic, even moral, by reason of the wonderfully

balanced desires, powers, and affections which go to make up human nature. A cheerful doctrine, this, which should help to swell the ranks of the unemployed. Outlets for their energies, a little direction, a little control, and then may we sit by with folded hands and see them do it? But, in fact, there are two things to be done; faculties to be developed—where a little of our help goes a long way; and character to be moulded—and here children are as clay in the hands of the potter, absolutely dependent on their parents. Disposition, intellect, genius, come pretty much by nature; but character is an achievement, the one practical achievement possible to us for ourselves and for our children; and all real advance in family or individual is along the lines of character. Our great people are great, simply by reason of their force of character. For this, more than for their literary successes, Carlyle and Johnson are great. Boswell's "Life" is, and perhaps deserves to be, more of a literary success than anything of his master's, but what figure does he make after all?

Greatness and littleness belong to character, and life would be dull were we all cast in one mould: but how come we to differ? Surely by reason of our inherited qualities. It is hereditary tendencies which result in character. The man who is generous, obstinate, hot-tempered, devout, is so, on the whole, because that strain of character runs in his family. Some progenitor got a bent from his circumstances towards fault or virtue, and that bent will go on repeating itself to the end of the chapter. To save that single quality from the exaggeration which would destroy the balance of qualities we call sanity, two counter-forces are provided:—marriage into alien families, and *education*.

We come round now to the point we started from. If the development of character rather than of faculty is the main work of education, and if children are born, so to speak, ready made, with all the elements of their after-character in them, certain to be developed by time and circumstances, what is left for education to do?

Very commonly, the vote is, do nothing; though there are three or four ways of arriving at that conclusion.

As, What's the good? The fathers have eaten sour grapes; the children's teeth *must* be set on edge. Tommy is obstinate as a little mule—but what would you have? So is his father. So have been all the Joneses, time out of mind; and Tommy's obstinacy is taken as a fact, not to be helped or hindered.

Or, Mary is a butterfly of a child, never constant for five minutes to anything she has in hand. "That child is just like me!" says her mother; "but time will steady her." Fanny, again, sings herself to sleep with the Vesper Hymn (her nurse's lullaby) before she is able to speak. "It's strange how an ear for music runs in our family!" is the comment, but no particular pains are taken to develop the talent.

Another child asks odd questions, is inclined to make little jokes about sacred things, to call his father "Tom," and, generally, to show a want of reverence. His parents are earnest-minded people—think with pain of the loose opinions of Uncle Harry, and decide on a policy of repression. "Do as you're bid and make no remarks," becomes the child's rule of life, until he finds outlets little suspected at home.

In another case, common thought is much more on a level with the science of the day; there is a tendency to lung-trouble: the doctors undertake to deal with the tendency so long as the *habit* of delicacy is not set up. The necessary precautions are taken, and there is no reason why the child should not die at a good old age.

Once more;—there are parents who are aware of the advances science has made in education, but doubt the lawfulness of looking to science for aid in the making of character. They see hereditary defects in their children, but set them down as of "the natural fault and corruption of the nature of every man which naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam." This, they believe, it is not their part to remedy; that is, unless the boy's fault be of a disturbing kind—a violent temper, for example, when the mother thinks no harm to whip the offending Adam out of him. But, so surely as we believe the laws of the spiritual life to have been revealed to us, so, not less surely, though without the same sanctity, have been revealed the laws by which body, mind, and moral nature flourish or decay. These it behoves us to make ourselves acquainted with; and the Christian parent who is shy of science, and prefers to bring up his children by the light of nature when that of authoritative revelation fails, does so to his children's irreparable loss.

If the race is advancing, it is along the lines of character, for each new generation inherits and adds to the best that has gone before it. We should have to-day the very flower and fruit that has been a-preparing through long lines of progenitors. Children have always been lovely, so far back as that day when a little child

in the streets of Jerusalem was picked up and set in the midst to show of what sort are the princes in the Kingdom to come :—

In the Kingdom are the children ;
You may read it in their eyes ;
All the freedom of the Kingdom
In their careless humour lies :—

And what mother has not bowed before the princely heart of innocence in her own little child ? But apart from this, of their glad living in the sunshine of the Divine Countenance, surely our children are "more so" than those of earlier days. Never before was a 'Jackanapes' written, or the 'Story of a Short Life.' Shakespeare never made a child, nor Scott, hardly Dickens, often as he tried ; either we are waking up to what is in them, or the children are indeed advancing in the van of the times, holding in light grasp the gains of the past, the possibilities of the future. It is the age of child-worship ; and very lovely are the well-brought-up children of Christian and cultured parents. But, alas, how many of us degrade the thing we love ! Think of the multitude of innocents to be launched on the world, already mutilated, spiritually and morally, at the hands of doting parents !

The duteous father and mother, on the contrary, who discern any lovely family trait in one of their children, set themselves to nourish and cherish it as a gardener the peaches he means to show. We know how "that kiss made me a painter !" that is, warmed into life whatever art-faculty the child had. The choicer the plant, the gardener tells us, the greater the pains must he take with the rearing of it ; and here is the secret of the loss and waste of some of the most beauteous and lovable natures the world has seen ; they have not had the pains taken with their rearing that their delicate, sensitive organizations demanded. Think how Shelley was left to himself ! We live in embarrassing days. It is well to cry, "Give us light—more light and fuller !" but what if the new light discover to us a maze of obligations, intricate and tedious ? It is, at first sight, bewildering to perceive that for whatever distinctive quality, moral or intellectual, we discern in the children, special culture is demanded ; but, after all, our obligation towards each such quality resolves itself into providing for it these four things : nourishment, exercise, change, and rest.

A child has a great turn for languages (his grandfather was the master of nine) ; the little fellow "lisps in Latin," learns his "*mensa*" from his nurse, knows his declensions before he is five.

What line is open to the mother who sees such an endowment in her child? First, let him use it; let him learn his declensions and whatever else he takes to without the least sign of effort. Probably the Latin case-endings come as easily and pleasantly to his ear as does "See-Saw, Margery Daw" to the ordinary child, though no doubt "Margery Daw" is the wholesomer kind of thing. Let him do just so much as he takes to of his own accord; but never urge, never applaud, never show him off. Next, let words convey ideas as he is able to bear them. Buttercup, primrose, dandelion, magpie, each tells its own tale; daisy is day's eye, opening with the sun, and closing when he sets,

"That well by reason it men callen may
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

Let him feel that the common words we use without a thought are beautiful, full of story and interest. It is a great thing that the child should get the *ideas* proper to the qualities inherent in him. An idea fitly put is taken in without effort, and, once in, ideas behave like living creatures—they feed, grow, and multiply. Next, provide him with some one delightful change of thought, that is, with work and ideas altogether apart from his bent for languages. Let him know, with friendly intimacy, every out-of-door object that comes in his way—the chaffinch, the rose-chaffer, the ways of the caddis-worm, forest-trees, field flowers—all natural objects, common and curious, near his home. No other knowledge is so delightful; not natural science, but common acquaintance with natural objects.

Or again, some one remarks that all our great inventors have in their youth handled material,—clay, wood, iron, brass, pigments. Let him work in material. To provide a child with delightful resources on lines opposed to his natural bent is the one way of keeping a quite sane mind in the presence of an absorbing pursuit.

At the same time, change of occupation is not rest: if a man ply a machine, now with his foot, and now with his hand, the foot or the hand rests, but the man does not. A game of romps (better, so far as mere rest goes, than games with laws and competitions), nonsense talk, a fairy tale, or to lie on his back in the sunshine, should rest the child, and of such as these he should have his fill.

This, speaking broadly, is the *rationale* of the matter:—just as actually as we sew or write through the instrumentality of the hand, so the child learns, thinks, feels, by means of

a material organ—the very delicate nervous tissue of the cerebrum. Now this tissue is constantly and rapidly wearing away. The more it is used, whether in the way of mental effort or emotional excitement, the more it wears away. Happily, rapid new growth replaces the waste, wherefore, work and consequent waste of tissue are necessary. But let the waste get ahead of the gain, and lasting mischief happens. Therefore never let the child's brain-work exceed his chances of reparation, whether such work come in the way of too hard lessons, or of the excitement attending childish dissipations. Another plea for abundant rest:—one thing at a time, and that done well appears to be nature's rule; and his hours of rest and play are the hours of the child's physical growth—witness the stunted appearance of children who are allowed to live in a whirl of small excitements.

A word more as to the necessity of *change of thought* for the child who has a distinct bent. The brain tissue not only wastes with work, but, so to speak, wastes locally. We all know how done up we are after giving our minds for a few hours or days to any one subject, whether anxious or joyous: we are glad at last to escape from the engrossing thought, and find it a weariness when it returns upon us. It would appear that, set up the continuous working of certain ideas, and a certain tract of the brain substance is, as it were, worn out and weakened with the constant traffic in these ideas. And this is of more consequence when the ideas are moral than when they are merely intellectual. Hamlet's thoughts play continuously round a few distressing facts; he becomes morbid, not entirely sane; in a word, he is *eccentric*. Now, possibly, eccentricity is a danger against which the parents of well-descended children must be on the watch. These are born with strong tendencies to certain qualities and ways of thinking. Their bringing up tends to accentuate their qualities; the balance between these and other qualities is lost, and they become eccentric persons. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes down the life and the work of a great poet as *ineffectual*; and this is, often enough, the verdict passed upon the eccentric. Whatever force of genius and of character, whatever lovely moral traits they may have, the world will not take them as guides for good, unless they do as others do in things lawful and expedient; and truly, there is a broad margin for originality in declining to hunt with the hounds in things neither lawful nor expedient.

Now, practically, what is the mother's course who notices in her most promising child little traits of oddity? He does not care much for games, does not get on well with the rest, has some little den of his own where he ruminates. Poor little fellow! he wants a confidante badly; most likely he has tried nurse and brothers and sisters, to no purpose. If this go on, he will grow up with the idea that nobody wants him, nobody understands him, will take his slice of life and eat it (with a snarl) all by himself. But if his mother have tact enough to get at him, she will preserve for the world one of its saving characters. Depend upon it, there is something at work in the child—genius, humanity, poetry, ambition, pride of family. It is that he wants outlet and exercise for an inherited trait almost too big for his childish soul. Rosa Bonheur was observed to be a restless child whose little shoes of life were a misfit: lessons did not please her, and play did not please her; and her *artist-father* hit on the notion of soothing the child's divine discontent by—apprenticing her to a needlewoman! Happily she broke her bonds and we have her pictures. In the case of pride of birth, it is well that the child should be brought face to face and heart to heart with the "great humility" of our Pattern. But, that being done, this sense of family distinction is a wonderful lever to raise the little world of the child's nature. *Noblesse oblige*. He must needs add honour and not dishonour to a distinguished family. I know of a little boy who bears two distinguished family names—Browning-Gladstone, let us say. He goes to a preparatory school, where it is the custom to put the names of defaulters on the black-board. By and by, his little brother goes to school too, and the bigger boy's exordium is:—"We'll *never* let two such names as ours be stuck up on the blackboard!"

Amongst the immediate causes of eccentricity is the dreariness of daily living, the sense of which falls upon us all at times, and often with deadly weight upon the more finely strung and highly gifted. "Oh, dear! I wish I was in Jupiter!" sighed a small urchin who had already used up this planet. It rests with the parents to see that the dreariness of a motiveless life does not settle, sooner or later, on any one of their children. We are made with a yearning for the "fearful joy" of passion; and if this do not come to us in lawful ways, we look for it in eccentric, or worse, in illegitimate courses. The mother, to whom her child

is as an open book, must find a vent for the restless working of his nature—the more apt to be troubled by—

“The burden of the mystery,
The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world”—

the more finely he is himself organized. Fill him with the enthusiasm of humanity. Whatever gifts he has, let them be cultivated as “gifts for men.” “The thing best worth living for is *to be of use*,” was well said lately by a thinker who has left us. The child into whose notion of life that idea is fitted will not grow up to find time heavy on his hands. The life blessed with an enthusiasm will not be dull, but a weight must go into the opposite scale to balance even the noblest enthusiasm. As we have said, open for him some door of natural science, some way of mechanical skill; in a word, give the child an absorbing pursuit and a fascinating hobby, and you need not fear eccentric or unworthy developments. It seems well to dwell at length on this subject of eccentricity, because the world loses a great deal by its splendid failures, the beautiful human beings who through one sort of eccentricity or another become ineffectual for the raising of the rest of us.

PART II.

Suppose the parent see that the formation of character is the ultimate object of education, see, too, that character is, in the rough, the inherited tendencies of the child, modified by his surroundings, but that character may be debased or ennobled by education; that it is the parents' part to distinguish the first faint budding of family traits—to greet every fine trait as the highest sort of family possession, to be nourished and tended with care; to keep up at the same time the balance of qualities by bringing forward that which is of little account—the more so, when they must deliver their child from eccentricity—pitfall to the original and forceful nature;—suppose they have taken all this into the *rôle* of their duties, there yet remains much for parents to do.

We are open to, what the French call, the defects of our qualities; and, as ill weeds grow apace, the defects of a fine character may well choke out the graces. A little maiden loves with the passion and devotion of a woman, but she is exacting of return,

and jealous of intrusion, even with her mother. A boy is ambitious; he will be leader in the nursery, and his lead is wholesome for the rest; but there is the pugnacious little brother who will not "follow my leader," and the two can hardly live in the same rooms. The able boy is a tyrant when his will is crossed. There is the timid, affectionate little maid who will even tell a fib to shield her sister; and there is the high-spirited girl who never lies, but who does, now and then, bully; and so on, without end. What is the parents' part here? To magnify the quality; make the child feel that he or she has a virtue to guard—a *family* possession, and, at the same time, a gift from above. A little simple reasonable teaching may help. But let us beware of much talk. "Have you *quite* finished, mother?" said a bright little girl of five in the most polite way in the world. She had listened long to her mother's sermonising, and had many things on hand. A wise word here and there may be of use, but much more may be done by carefully hindering each "defect of its quality" from coming into play. Give the ill-weeds no room to grow. Then again, the defect may often be reclaimed and turned back to feed the quality itself. The ambitious boy's love of power may be worked into a desire to win by love his restive little brother. The passion of the loving girl may be made to include all whom her mother loves.

There is another aspect of the subject of heredity and the duties it entails. As the child of long lineage may well inherit much of what was best in his ancestors—fine physique, clear intellect, high moral worth—so, also, he has his risks. As some one puts it, not all the women have been brave, nor all the men chaste. We know how the tendency to certain forms of disease runs in families. Temper and temperament, moral and physical nature alike, may come down with a taint. An unhappy child may, by some odd freak of nature, appear to have left out the good and taken into him only the unworthy. What can the parents do in such a case? They may, not *reform* him—perhaps that is beyond human skill and care, once he has become all that is possible to his nature—but *transform* him, so that the being he was calculated to become never develops at all, but another being comes to light blest with every grace of which he had only the defect. This brings us to a beneficent law of nature, which underlies the whole subject of early training, and especially so this case of the child whose mother must bring him forth a second time into a life of beauty and harmony.

To put it in an old form of words — the words of Thomas à Kempis—what seems to me the fundamental law of education is no more than this: "One custom overcometh another." People have always known that, "Use is second nature," but the reason why, and the scope of the saying, these are discoveries of recent days.

A child has an odious custom, so constant, that it is his quality, will be his *character* if you let him alone: he is spiteful, he is sly, he is sullen. No one is to blame for it; it was born in him. What are you to do with such inveterate habit of nature? Just this; treat it as a bad *habit*, and set up the opposite good habit. Henry is more than mischievous; he is a malicious little boy. There are always tears in the nursery, because, with "pinches, nips and bobs," he is making some child wretched. Even his pets are not safe; he has done his canary to death by poking at it with a stick through the bars of its cage; howls from his dog, screeches from his cat, betray him in some vicious trick. He makes fearful faces at his timid little sister; sets traps with string for the housemaid with her water-cans to fall over; there is no end to the malicious tricks, beyond the mere savagery of untrained boyhood, which come to his mother's ear. What is to be done? "Oh, he will grow out of it!" say the more hopeful who pin their faith to time. But many an experienced mother will say, "You can't cure him; what is in will out, and he will be a pest to society all his life." Yet the child may be cured in a month if the mother will set herself to the task with both hands and set purpose; at any rate, the cure may be well begun, and that is, half-done. Let the month of treatment be a deliciously happy month to him, he living all the time in the sunshine of his mother's smile. Let him not be left to himself to meditate or carry out ugly pranks. Let him feel himself always under a watchful, loving, and approving eye. Keep him happily occupied, well amused. All this, to break the old custom which is assuredly broken when a certain length of time goes by without its repetition. But, one custom overcometh another. Lay new lines in the old place. Open avenues of kindness for him. Let him enjoy, daily, hourly, the pleasure of pleasing. Get him into the way of making little plots for the pleasure of the rest—a plaything of his contriving, a dish of strawberries of his gathering, shadow rabbits to amuse the baby; take him on kind errands to poor neighbours, carrying and giving of his own. For a whole month the child's whole

heart is flowing out in deeds and schemes and thoughts of loving-kindness, and the ingenuity which spent itself in malicious tricks becomes an acquisition to his family when his devices are benevolent. Yes ; but where is his mother to get time, in these encroaching days, to put Henry under special treatment ? She has other children and other duties, and simply cannot give herself up for a month or a week to one child. If the boy were ill, in danger, would she find time for him then ? Would not other duties go to the wall, and leave her little son, for the time, her chief object in life ? Now here is a point all parents are not enough awake to,—that mental and moral ailments require prompt, purposeful, curative treatment, to which the parents must devote themselves for a short time, just as they would to a sick child. Neither punishing nor letting him alone—the two lines of treatment most in favour—ever cured a child of any moral evil.* If parents recognised the efficacy and the immediate effect of treatment, they would never allow the spread of ill weeds. For, let this be borne in mind, whatever ugly quality disfigures the child, he is but as a garden overgrown with weeds, the more prolific the weeds, the more fertile the soil ; he has within him every possibility of beauty of life and character. Get rid of the weeds and foster the flowers. It is hardly too much to say that almost any failure in life or character made by man or woman is due to the happy-go-lucky philosophy of the parents. They say “the child is so young, he does not know any better, but all that will come right as he grows up.” Now, a fault of character left to itself can do no other than strengthen.

An objection may be raised to this counsel of short and determined curative treatment. The good results do not last, it is said ; a week or two of neglect and you lose the ground gained ; Henry is as likely as ever to grow up of the “tiger” order, a Steerforth or a Grandcourt. Here, science comes to help us to cheerful certainty.

There is no more interesting subject of inquiry open just now than that of the interaction between the thoughts of the mind and the configuration of the brain. The fair conclusion appears to be that each is greatly the cause of the other ; that the character of the persistent thoughts actually shapes the cerebrum, while on the configuration of this organ depends, in turn, the manner of thoughts we think. Now, thought is, for the most part, automatic. We think, without intention or effort as

we have been accustomed to think, just as we walk or write without any conscious arrangement of muscles. Mozart could write an overture, laughing all the time at the little jokes his wife made to keep him awake ; to be sure he had thought it out before, and there it was, ready to be written : but he did not consciously try for these musical thoughts, they simply came to him in proper succession. Coleridge thought *Kubla Khan* in his sleep, and wrote it when he awoke ; and, indeed, he might as well have been asleep all the time for all he had to do with the production of most of his thoughts.

"Over the buttons she falls asleep,
And stitches them on in a dream,"—

is very possible and likely. For one thing which we consciously set ourselves to think about, a thousand words and acts come from us every day of their own accord, we don't think of them at all. But, all the same, only a poet or a musician could thus give forth poetry or music, and it is the words and acts which come from us without *conscious* thought which afford the true measure of what we are. Perhaps this is why such serious weight is attached to our every "idle word"—words spoken without intention or volition.

We are getting, by degrees, to Henry and his bad habits. Somehow or other, the nervous tissue of the cerebrum "grows to" the thoughts that are allowed free course in the mind. *How*, Science hardly ventures to guess as yet : but, for the sake of illustration, let us imagine that certain thoughts of the mind run to and fro, in the nervous substance of the cerebrum until they have made a way, a rut, there : busy traffic in the same order of thoughts will always be kept up, for there is the easy way for them to run in. Now, take the child with an inherited tendency to a resentful temper : he has begun to think resentful thoughts ; finds them easy and gratifying ; he goes on ; evermore the rut deepens, and the ugly traffic becomes more easy and natural, and resentfulness is rapidly becoming *himself*, that trait in his character which people couple with his name.

But, one custom overcometh another. The watchful mother sets up new tracks in other directions ; and she sees to it, that while she is leading new thoughts through the new rut, the old, deeply worn "*way of thinking*" is quite disused. Now, the cerebrum is in a state of rapid waste and rapid growth. The

new growth takes shape from the new thoughts : the old rut is lost in the steady waste ; and the child is reformed, physically, as well as morally and mentally. That the nervous tissue of the cerebrum should be thus the *instrument* of the mind need not surprise us when we think how the muscles and joints of the tumbler, the vocal organs of the singer, the finger-ends of the watchmaker, the palate of the tea-taster, grow to the uses they are steadily put to ; and, much more, both in the case of brain and of bodily organs, grow to the uses they are *earliest* put to.

This meets in a wonderful way the case of the parent who sets himself to cure a moral failing. He sets up the course of new thoughts, and hinders those of the past, until the *new* thoughts shall have become automatic and run of their own accord. All the time a sort of disintegration is going on in the place that held the disused thoughts ; and here is the parent's advantage. If the boy return (as, from inherited tendency, he still may do,) to his old habits of thought, behold there is no more place for them in his physical being ; to make a new place is a work of time, and in this work the parent can overtake and hinder him without much effort.

Here, indeed, more than anywhere, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour but in vain that build it ;" but, surely, intelligent co-operation in this divine work is our bounden duty and service. The training of the will, the instruction of the conscience, and, so far as it lies with us, the development of the divine life in the child, are carried on simultaneously with this training in the habits of a good life ; and these last will carry the child safely over the season of infirm will, immature conscience, until he is able to take, under direction from above, the conduct of his life, the moulding of his character, into his own hands. It is a comfort to believe that there is even a material register of our educational labours being made in the very substance of the child's brain ; and, certainly, here we have a note of warning as to the danger of letting ill ways alone in the hope that all will come right by and by.

Some parents may consider all this as heavy hearing ; that even to "think on these things" is enough to take the joy and spontaneousness out of their sweet relationship ; and that, after all, parents' love and the grace of God should be sufficient for the bringing up of children. No one can feel on this subject more sincere humility than those who have not the honour to be parents ; the insight and love with which parents—mothers most

so—are blest, is a divine gift which fills lookers-on with reverence even in many a cottage home ; but we have only to observe how many fond parents make foolish children to be assured that something more is wanted. There are appointed ways, not always the old paths, but new ones, opened up step by step as we go. The labour of the mother who sets herself to understand her work is not increased, but infinitely lightened ; and as for life being made heavy with the thought of these things, once make them our own, and we act upon them as naturally as upon such knowledge—scientific also—as, loose your hold of a cup—and it falls. A little painstaking thought and effort in the first place, and all comes easy.

Parents, who have to do the most important part of the world's work, compare at a disadvantage with all other skilled workers, of hand or brain. There is a literature of its own for almost every craft and profession ; while you can count on the fingers of one hand the scientific works on early training plain and practical enough to be of use to parents. There are no colleges, associations, classes, lectures for parents ; no register of discoveries in child nature, of successful treatment ; no record of the experience of wise parents, no means of raising public opinion on the subject of home training, nor of bringing such opinion to bear. Every young mother must begin at the beginning to work out for herself the problems of education, with no more than stray and often misleading traditions for her guidance. One reason for this anomaly is, that the home is a sanctuary—where prying and meddling from without would be intolerable ; and without doubt the practices of the home are sacred, matters between each family and Him Who maketh men to be of one mind in an house. But the *principles* of early training are another matter ; and no more helpful work is open to us than to bring these principles to the doors of parents, of whatever degree. How cordially parents of all classes welcome any effort in this direction, you have but to try to be convinced. There is a feeling abroad that it does not do to bring children up casually ; that there are certain natural laws, divine laws also, which one must work out in order to produce human beings at their best, in body, mind, and moral nature ; and, indeed, it is no easy matter to get at these laws ; and here is where parents demand, thorough ventilation at least, of the questions that concern them.

CHARLOTTE M. MASON.

The Salaries of Lady Teachers.



IT is now some months since Miss Sewell, in the course of her amiable article on High School Teaching, strongly advocated the claim of women teachers to a considerable increase of their average salary. In the little storm of rejoinders to which her article gave rise, only the slightest notice was taken of this particular suggestion. It was felt to be Utopian (the salary Miss Sewell proposed was £250), and events have already proved that those who took this view of it were somewhat more than justified. The first half of the present decade witnessed a considerable improvement in the remuneration of the higher class of teachers. Chiefly owing to the institution of the Girl's Public Day School Company, a demand for "University Women" suddenly sprang up which was barely equalled by the supply, and for a short time women who had taken the equivalent of a First or Second Class at Cambridge (especially in Classics, Mathematics, or Natural Science), were able to "command their own prices," a splendid phrase which usually stood for an initial salary of £120, rising after two or three years to £150, where (as a rule) it stopped.

For the last twelve months, however, there have been unmistakable signs that this tendency towards better salaries, after remaining stationary for two or three years, is now distinctly on the decline. "The best article," as a North Country committee once called a newly purchased headmistress, for whom they were paying what they thought a long price,— "the best article" is being supplied every year in increased numbers. Few new schools are being opened. Vacancies in the old schools are not of very frequent occurrence, and the crowd of highly qualified applicants is so great that school committees are everywhere tempted, and in many cases have yielded to the

temptation, to offer considerably lower salaries, in the certainty that even the very best teachers will be afraid to refuse them. Hence it has come about that the initial salaries now being offered to the most highly qualified teachers (*i.e.* women who have taken a First or Second Class after a three years' residence at Cambridge), are on an average £15 or £20 lower than they were some three or four years ago; and there appears every probability of a still further decline. Parents, therefore, who send their girls to anything in the nature of public schools, may confidently look forward to a great extension of school-buildings during the next few years. The money saved from the teaching staff may be devoted to better class-rooms, new laboratories, a greater supply of pictures and photographs or other educational decorations,—in a word, to many material improvements. All these will loom large before the eye, and will be a subject for great congratulation at committee meetings. The question here propounded is whether the wise parent will accept these improvements as adequate compensation for the cost at which they will be made. The writer of this paper holds no brief on behalf of women engaged in teaching; his desire is only to point out what the consequences of a fall in salaries are likely to be, and to ask whether any sufficient compensation can be obtained for a decrease in efficiency which appears as the inevitable result of the present attempt at economy.

Briefly stated, the position to be advanced amounts to this—that there is in matters intellectual an equivalent for Mr. Besant's "law of elevenpence-halfpenny" among the working women of the East End of London. By this "law," the sweaters who employ women workers will not offer them less than elevenpence-halfpenny for a long day's work, because regular hands work better than casuals, and experience has shown that at a wage of less than elevenpence-halfpenny a-day, starvation ensues so rapidly that the workwoman has hardly time to make herself efficient before she is dead. Now teachers in full work are not in danger of physical starvation, though when they are young and inexperienced, and have not yet realized that they *can't afford* to be ill, they sometimes seriously injure their health by unwise economy in food, for the sake of having more money to spend on other things. The danger which really presses upon them is that of *mental* starvation, of the reduction of life to a weary routine, and of the narrowing of all interests to the one dull desire of getting through a certain quantity of work well

enough to satisfy the exacting conscience of a woman. Take an average case, that of a woman of two- or three-and-twenty with no encumbrances, but entirely dependent on her own exertions. Let us imagine her salary as £80 (the average initial wage of all but the most highly qualified teacher, and one which even she may soon have to accept), and let us see what can be done with it :

	£	s.	d.
Board and lodging during Term time, say forty weeks at £1 per week	40	0	0
Half rent of rooms during holidays	3	0	0
Railway and other expenses for spending six weeks of holiday with relations, &c.	3	0	0
Six weeks of holiday at own expense, at £1 5s. per week	7	10	0
Dress	14	0	0
Petty cash for omnibuses, amusements, presents and charities, at twopence a day	3	0	0
Laundry	3	10	0
Medical attendance	2	0	0
Sum necessary for insuring an annuity of £20 per annum on reaching age 60	4	0	0
	<hr/> £80 0 0		

By-and-by the £80 is perhaps increased to £90, and then to £100. Of this increase the greater part, if the teacher is wise, is devoted to improved lodgings and food. Even when two friends live together and share both bedroom and sitting-room, two good rooms, with coal, gas, and attendance, cannot be procured under a pound a week, and ten shillings a week is not a sufficient allowance for the food of a woman in full work, unless she happen to be a vegetarian. An additional six shillings a week all the year round will perhaps settle the food question, and, in cheap neighbourhoods, go some way towards the luxury of separate bedrooms. This will absorb £15 12s. of the £20 rise. The £4 8s. remaining will enable the annuity at age 60 to be increased from £20 pounds to 40 guineas ; and we will hope that our teacher, with better food and air, may be able to dispense for a few years with medical advice, so that her £2 a year may accumulate till it form a little reserve fund against serious illness, and its usual (though not invariable) accompaniment of half-pay.

On £100 a year, then, a woman of prudence, with a little gift for managing her affairs, may live quite healthily, and make a

provision of about sixteen shillings a week for her extreme old age. Does £100 a year, then, represent the "elevenpence-halfpenny," with which Mr. Besant has familiarized us? In practice, it may be said that it does, for though a large number of teachers who live at home, or have a little private money, accept £80, or even £60 or £70 a year as a permanence, those who are entirely dependent on themselves do make a struggle for the full £100, which in most cases is successful, at any rate after a few years of waiting. As a rule, then, the average qualified teacher in full work *is* able to keep herself physically efficient for her duties. So far so good; but it was not only for physical efficiency that she obtained her appointment. She was selected from a crowd of other applicants on account of the excellence of her certificates and testimonials; perhaps because she possessed a degree, or its equivalent, and was fresh from some woman's college, full of hope and energy and new ideas. And so she is appointed, her testimonials duly filed, and her degree or certificates printed in full in the school prospectus. Twenty years hence, if she remain so long in the school, the degree or certificates will still be advertised, but will any one say what index they will then afford to the teacher's value?

A few weeks ago there was published in the newspapers a report of the meeting of a Tramway Company whose centre of operations is in one of our midland towns. There had been a change of Directors, and the new Board had a very dismal tale to lay before its constituents. Good dividends had been declared year after year; everything had appeared charmingly prosperous, but *not one halfpenny had been spent on repairs*. The lines were badly worn, the trams old and antiquated, and the new Directors had no option but to inform the shareholders that for several years to come the entire profits of the line would have to be expended on making up for past neglect. Here, in a nutshell, we have our whole case. A classical author has said that what constitutes a city is not the bricks and mortar of which it is built, but the living men and women who owe it their allegiance. Whether this dim reminiscence is correct or no, it is very certain that what constitutes a school is not its fine class-rooms, laboratories and lecture halls; not even its gymnasium and playgrounds, but the men and women of its teaching staff. Whether or not we add to this that potent, though vague, influence, to which, under the name of "traditions," all public school men attach so much importance, makes little difference.

For the traditions of a school are the legacy of the teaching-staff of a past generation, and no one desires to minimise the influence of the memory of Dr. Arnold, or of the present Bishop of London, over the school where Dr. Percival now rules, save for this tradition, supreme. But living or dead, past or present, it is the teaching-staff, the head-master, or head-mistress, and the men or women they gather round them, that makes the school. Boys and girls, taken in large numbers from the same class of homes, are much the same all over England, and where one school differs from another for good or evil, for failure or success, the difference in almost every case depends on the efficiency or inefficiency of the teaching-staff. And this efficiency cannot be gauged solely by learned acquirements, the one point to which degrees and certificates are able to speak with certainty. It is no small advantage to be able to teach *ex abundantia*, to have a wide power of illustration, perhaps even to have done "original work" in your own department. All this, it is needless to say, is excellent, but it sinks into insignificance beside the power of imparting knowledge so brightly and pleasantly as to keep a whole class thoroughly interested for three-quarters of an hour at a time.

In Boys' Schools there is the Detention Room, and, as a final weapon, a brief but painful interview with the head-master; but for a refractory girl the "resources of civilization" are exhausted when a bad mark and a "talking to" have been tried in vain. Everything depends on personal influence, and as a result the popularity of a popular teacher in a Girls' School is something without any parallel in institutions for the education of the sterner sex. Thus the whole life of the school depends upon the teaching-staff being kept constantly in thorough mental and physical repair. It is no use talking about supply and demand without taking into consideration the cost of production; and the cost of production of good teaching is a salary to the teacher sufficient to supply her with nourishing food, good rooms, enough recreation and amusement to keep her from stagnating and to provide her with intellectual interests, a sufficient allowance for dress, and freedom from the dread of a penniless old age, or of years of money difficulties arising out of a single expensive illness. Perhaps the list sounds a long one: if we draw up a year's accounts for a fairly-paid teacher, as we have already done for an underpaid one, the total will not be terrific:

Board and lodging during Term time, say forty weeks at £1 10s. per week	£	s.	d.
Half rent of rooms during holidays	60	0	0
Railway and other expenses for spending six weeks of holiday with relations, &c.	5	0	0
Six weeks of holiday at own expense, at £2 10s. per week	15	0	0
Dress	20	0	0
Petty cash for omnibuses, amusements, presents, charities, &c., at sixpence a day	9	0	0
Laundry	3	10	0
Books	2	10	0
Medical attendance and provision against sickness	5	0	0
Sum necessary for insuring an annuity of £78 per annum (30s. a week) after thirty years' work	25	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£150	0	0

No one will seriously attack this table as encouraging extravagance. Thirty shillings a week for board and lodging will ensure good food, and a separate bedroom, perhaps in some few towns the still greater luxury of a separate sitting-room, but it certainly will not allow of riotous living, or splendid apartments. Five pounds instead of three have been allowed for the six weeks supposed to be spent among relations or friends, partly to cover longer railway journeys, partly to allow for an occasional return of hospitality. The most extravagant item is that of £15 for six weeks of holiday at the teacher's own expense. It is true that pleasant times may be had in England at less than £2 10s. a week, even in the most expensive months of the year, but nothing will help to keep a highly educated woman thoroughly efficient for thirty years, so much as the possibility of four or five times during that period being able to visit the places in France, Italy, Switzerland or Germany, which highly educated people have usually a keen desire to see. At a salary of less than £150 this is impossible, except by the most hazardous retrenchment in other items, and this fact is the strongest reason for regarding that sum as the "elevenpence-halfpenny" of efficient intellectual work spread over any number of years. Resuming our examination, we come to an item for dress of £20, which the writer is informed is the smallest sum on which a woman can dress neatly and prettily, unless she have a distinct talent for dressmaking, and sufficient leisure to make the greater part of her dress at home. As the possession of the leisure is very doubtful (heaven forbid we should deny the

talent!) in the case of most teachers, and as schoolgirls are certainly no despisers of dress, this item is retained at £20, while all responsibility for its correctness as an estimate is respectfully disclaimed. Sixpence a day for pocket money, £2 10s. a year for books, and £5 as a provision against sickness, are surely unexceptionable as items. The £2 10s. for books in particular, which appears for the first time in our list, is absolutely necessary to a teacher who wants to keep thoroughly abreast of her subject. As for the provision for old age, if good work can be done for thirty years, efficient teaching after that time is nearly impossible; and a pension of thirty shillings a week is the lowest sum to which an educated woman is likely to be able to look forward during her working days with equanimity.

So we reach our £150 a year, and are in a position to face any school committee in the world with unanswerable facts. "It is quite true," we may say to them, "it is quite true that the state of the labour market enables you to procure teachers with the highest possible certificates at much less than £150 a year, but with every sovereign you deduct from that sum you deduct something from their future efficiency. The lives of the women you employ as clerks, as nurses, or as servants, you may cramp with impunity; but there is one class of women whom you cannot treat thus without certain retribution, and it is to these that you entrust the education of your children. It is not for their sakes, but for the sake of your own girls, that they must not be beaten down from a poor to a yet poorer wage. In themselves they have no claim to an exemption from the law of supply and demand which tells so hardly against all their working sisters. It is only that of this particular class of women workers the efficiency depends so largely on their being happy, that it is worth while paying them within twenty or thirty per cent. of their similarly qualified brothers in order to keep them so."

It was during the stress of the commercial depression that school salaries were at their highest, and now that trade is reviving and more parents can afford to send their children to good schools, there can be no reason to lower salaries, merely because Newnham and Girton are turning out their girl-graduates at too fast a rate. Whether out of the existing funds it would be possible in many schools very largely to increase them, is another matter; if not, and if buildings and furniture are still to take precedence of the needs of the teaching staff, we must have recourse to yet another remedy, which is likely, however, to

be a very unpopular one. Nearly all Boys' Schools of any age, are more or less largely endowed, and are thus able to educate their pupils at a good deal under cost price. This is not the case with the only two large day-schools for boys started in London during the present century, King's College School and University College School. Subscriptions were raised to give both these schools a fair start, but they have since had to be self-supporting, and they have accordingly charged the reasonable but by no means exorbitant fee of £24 a year for boys under sixteen, and a slightly higher rate for those over it. Unfortunately the managers of the different High Schools for girls did not imitate this excellent example, but have arranged a scale of fees beginning at £9 9s. for very young pupils, and rising to £15 15s. for the oldest. The average fee is thus £12 12s. a year, or the same as that charged by the richly-endowed City of London School, which besides its own revenues has at its back the Corporation of the richest city in the world. The consequences of this ill-advised competition are too large classes and underpaid teachers, while it is at least doubtful whether the extreme lowness of fee has not frightened away nearly as many parents as it has attracted. At Edgbaston (Birmingham) a higher rate of fee is charged, and as a result the teachers in this school (it is believed) are amongst the best paid in the profession. It would seem at least worth the while of the Girls' Day School Company to try the experiment of a higher fee school in one of the better quarters of London, and ascertain whether it could not be carried on, even with liberal salaries to the teachers, at a fair profit.

One other point may perhaps be raised in connection with this part of our subject. It is said to have been at one time the practice at the Cheltenham Ladies' College for every teacher to have a share, proportionate to her rank on the staff, in the *capitation* money, usually the sole property of the head-mistress. It does not require any wish to underrate the importance of the head-mistress's office to make the arrangement seem highly commendable. Every assistant-mistress does her part in contributing to the success or failure of a school, and it is reasonable that she should take her proportionate share in the head-mistress's risks and profits. It may be added that the present enormous difference between the salary of a successful head-mistress and that of the most highly-paid assistant is attended with some unfortunate results. The qualities demanded for a good teacher and a good organizer are quite different, and

though it is right that the rarer gifts of organization should be the most highly-paid, a system by which the most efficient teachers can only win the prizes of their profession by accepting work as organizers, is responsible for a good many unsuccessful head-mistresses. A recognition of the claim of the higher teachers to a fair share of the capitation money might go far to obviate this evil.

It will be observed that among the remedies proposed, that of any action on the part of the teachers themselves is not included. Alone among all the professions their sole business in life is that of training their future competitors, and this peculiarity seems to make efficient trades-unionism impossible amongst them. Their sole chance of adequate salaries thus rests on the possibility of convincing their employers that the goodness of the "article" does really increase with the price paid for it, and it is as a contribution to this end that the present paper has been written.

A two-edged objection still remains to be noted. On the one hand, it is said that many teachers live under their father's roof, and can therefore afford to take a lower wage; on the other, that a large number of the most highly qualified have been obliged to borrow the money for their education and are burdened with repayments; or again, have helpless relations more or less dependent on their aid; and that these circumstances should be taken into consideration in fixing the minimum salary. As regards the first side of the objection, the writer cannot help remarking incidentally that women who use the possession of comfortable homes as a vantage-ground to enable them to undersell their less fortunate sisters, are not the sort of teachers whom it is easy to respect the most highly. It is women with these advantages who ought to form the backbone of any possible scholastic trades-union, and that it is their existence which is the chief stumbling-block in its way is most deeply to their discredit. It will be more in accordance, however, with the line of argument hitherto adopted to point out that these teachers, who often have spent all their lives in their native place, who sometimes begin their work by imparting instruction in a lower form within a few weeks of receiving it in an upper one, and who still have the awe of their head-mistress somewhat too strongly before their eyes, are hardly likely to bring into the school the intellectual life and energy which form the real teacher's greatest gift. Neither on the other hand can it be maintained that any repay-

ment of borrowed capital, nor the need of supporting even the nearest relatives, however common these pecuniary drains may be, ought to be taken into consideration in estimating salaries. A teacher's training is part of her necessary equipment, which is taken into account in fixing her wage, and she has no right to expect any further sum to be added for repayment of its cost. This may seem to some a hard saying, and the application of a similar rule to the heavy disbursements for the support of an aged father or mother yet harder. But the imprudence of parents in not providing fairly for their daughters' education, or for their own old age, must fall on their own flesh and blood, and not on strangers, and it is only the extreme value of example of pluck and filial duty which prevents these drains on the sum necessary for the efficiency of the teacher, being a positive reason against her employment.

A last word by way of summary. Hundreds of excellent teachers are at present in receipt of salaries very much less than our modest ideal of £150. It is not contended that these ladies are not doing good work; the facts are patent and far otherwise. But it is most earnestly submitted, that, save in a few cases of exceptional temperament, in so far as a woman's life is cramped for want of means, she is prevented from putting forth her full powers as a teacher; that the present tendency to lower salaries is a step disastrously in the wrong direction, and that every five-pound note which enlightened school committees add to their salary-fund is sure of a direct and immediate effect for good.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.



Which Wins ?

MARY, Countess de Villermay, was a widow who lived at Hampstead. Her father had been a pig-killer in Chicago ; but Mary had long forgotten, in the delight of spending his money, how the money was made. When she found it necessary to allude to her father's trade, she used to say with the frank air that was one of her points, "He made his money in business, I think—something to do with steel,"—which was true, as far as it went.

When Miss Mary Schwell married the Comte de Villermay she was twenty-four and he was seventy. The speculation turned out admirably—for her : he died within a year of her marriage. He had been very kind to her, and she had become really attached to him. She mourned very sincerely the success of her speculation, and, losing sight of the motives which had induced her marriage, was quite desolated for some months. When she began to go out again she was much courted by younger sons and ineligibles generally, and also by more prosperous persons of sporting tendencies, who admired her figure and style.

The Countess de Villermay was what Joe Gargery called "a fine figure of a woman." She had large arms, and an obtrusive bust. Her throat was massive and round—her hands and feet very plump. Her face was large and dimpled—she had two well-formed chins, and a promise of a third. Her nose and ears were small. She wore her ample red hair in a Greek fly-away knot at the back of her head. Her white, even teeth showed when she laughed, and she was always laughing. Women called her coarse : men called her jolly. All who knew her called her good-natured ; those who did not know her called her "loud." She was the kind of person at whom even the best-bred women will turn round and stare. Being rich, she was extravagant and generous in an impulsive and unreasoning way. Had she been poor, she would probably have been an excellent household

manager, and the rigid "both ends" would in her hands have grown elastic and met. She was "fond of poetry;" she liked Tennyson better than Shakspeare, and Longfellow better than either. But she never confessed it. She knew her world better than that.

For her main ambition, since she had been a free Countess, was to be considered "cultured." To this end she crammed somewhat, and got up a good deal of the current jargon.

She could floor the ordinary person completely on such subjects as "square-marked Worcester," "Book Plates," "First editions," Bartolozzis, and the "sonnet-idea." But it was noticeable that the specialists in these lines soon exhausted her. In a word, the Countess was one of those unfortunate and embarrassing persons who will not submit to the evident intentions of Nature, and be commonplace.

Her servants and social inferiors adored her. Hers was the nature that insists on love and admiration; and, to gain it, will do a thousand kindnesses which it would never enter into the mind of your really unselfish person to conceive, much less to carry out. This kind of selfishness is at the bottom of a good deal of philanthropy, and one would not quarrel with it, were it not that it is apt to grow exacting in the returns which it demands for its acts of benevolence. The Countess would visit her servants if they were ill, and her common-sense taught her to take more fruit than flowers, and more beef-tea than either; but there was no limit to the amount of service and endurance which she exacted from them when they recovered. She would give the crossing-sweeper a shilling, and feel (though she did not think) that the money was well laid out, to purchase the smile that thanked her, and the bright recognition that met her next time she passed that way. She had many protégées and pensioners, who had come, by all sorts of odd roads, within the radius of her patronage.

In spite of all this the position of the Countess's "companion" was not an enviable one, and more than one young woman had precipitately resigned it, worn out by the "perpetual droppings" of an inexhaustible egoism. The Countess's companion had no time of her own. Even when the good-night had been said, and the bedroom key turned in the lock, it was not at all certain that a tap at the door would not announce a dressing-gowned Countess, anxious for a listener to some long monologue on her one eternal subject. Of course the question, "Am I disturbing you?"

admitted of only one answer, and the companion would open the door, and then sit sleepily, biting her tongue to keep herself awake, while the Countess discussed her admirers, her figure, her disposition, her prospects, her handwriting, or her music-master.

Mary, though luxurious, had some healthy tastes. She liked sea-bathing, she liked onions, she liked toffee, and she liked long walks. Few of her acquaintances cared for any of these things, so she took her walks, as well as her onions and toffee, alone. Many people turned to stare at the tall resilient figure, with its extremely fashionable costume—at the red head, with its extremely high and pointed bonnet—as it walked along the country roads that lead away from Hampstead towards Harrow.

One hot June afternoon the Countess had been talking at high pressure for a good hour to the author of a new Socialist novel, who had gone away undecided whether she had or had not a thorough knowledge of the principles of political economy. She had also received an offer of marriage from a sporting nobleman, for whom she entertained a kindly feeling, and had refused it on the ground that he "had no ideals." His reply, that his ideal stood before him at that moment, pleased but did not soften her. She dismissed him, and immediately felt a need for complete change of scene.

Half an hour later she was walking along a country road at a swinging pace, which was, to the gait of her women-friends, what the pace of the sheep-dog is to that of the superannuated toy-terrier. The day was hot, the roads were dusty. The sky was blue, but for a black cloud-bank in the north. Presently the cloud-bank spread, the sky-grew grey; the sun was covered, the birds stopped singing, the thunder pealed, and the rain came down by the pailful.

The Countess kept up her sunshade and walked on; she had not passed any houses for some time, and she concluded that she would reach house-shelter sooner by going on than by turning back.

As she walked, she saw through the rain a small figure leaning against a tree. She passed it, half-stopped, hesitated, and went back.

"Excuse me," she said, "but do you know it's dangerous to stand under trees in a storm?"

The small woman who stood there turned dark eyes upon the speaker and said:

"I don't care."

"Oh, very well, you know your own business best," Mary answered, and walked on in a huff. But again she turned—she never did know her own mind—and said, persuasively,

"I think there's a cottage not far down; won't you come and shelter there? I'd offer you half my sunshade, but it's wet through."

Here she laughed, showing her teeth.

All this time the rain was pouring down. The road was a network of little streams and pools.

The woman under the tree looked at the other with an expression of extreme repugnance.

"Come along," said Madame de Villermay, in her loud hearty voice, and held out her hand with a gesture of invitation. The other woman frowned, half drew back, and then came across the wet grass and walked along the road beside her.

Mary felt interested. That "I don't care" suggested a romance. As they walked along in silence she looked at her companion—a small person in black, with dark hair and eyes, arched eyebrows, a very pale face, a slim figure and a quick, light step.

No house was in sight, but the strength of the storm was abating.

"I think it's going to leave off," said the Countess. "Which way were you going?"

"I don't know."

"Look here," said Mary abruptly; "I see you're in some trouble. Can't I help you? I will if I can."

"That is a very rash offer," remarked the little woman in black.

"Not at all. Please tell me, if you don't mind, where you are going."

"I have nowhere to go to, since you insist on an answer. I wish you good afternoon."

Mary stretched out a plump detaining hand.

"Now don't be offended," she cried; "I didn't ask you out of idle curiosity."

"People never do ask a question out of idle curiosity."

"Well, I didn't, at any rate. I thought . . . don't be so angry—I thought you might come home with me, if you have nowhere else to go."

The other looked at her with prolonged scrutiny.

"For all you know I may be . . . anything and everything that is bad."

"And for all *you* know," echoed the Countess, with one of her rare but brilliant flashes of tact, "*I* may be . . . well, anything and everything that I'm not—too. Come, shall we walk back?"

With a sudden gesture of confidence the other turned to her.

"You are good," she said. "I will tell you all about myself—my name is Emden."

"You shall tell me everything you think you can trust me with, by-and-by, when you are rested. Let's talk about the weather till then.

And she stepped forward briskly.

That evening, in a cool, flower-scented drawing-room, the Countess heard Jean Emden's story. A story too sad and too common. A story of a weary fight against poverty, wherein poverty always won.

"My father had genius," she said proudly. "He wrote nearly sixty volumes of prose and verse. He was a friend of Lady Blessington's, and used to know all the people in her set; but when he grew old, his friends had died or forgotten him, and he could not get a pension, and we got poorer and poorer; and I have worked at anything I could get, and a year ago he died, and I have done all I could since then. I have done plain sewing, and I have sent stories to every magazine in London, I do believe; but I suppose I write too badly, for they're always returned. Oh! it has been hard, and he had a pauper's funeral at last!"

Here she broke down, and buried her face in her hands. The Countess touched her on the shoulder, and said,—as women always do under such circumstances—

"Don't cry!"

Presently John Emden's daughter went on with her story; how she had fallen into deeper poverty when her father's death had removed her chief incentive to work. How at last, unable to pay her rent, which had not been paid for three weeks, she left her boxes as hostages, and came hopelessly away from London.

"I thought I would come away and have done with it."

She did not explain further, nor did Mary seek an explanation. She laid her hand on hers with the commonplace question—

"Was there anything valuable in your boxes?"

Miss Emden laughed. "Poor Mrs. Fry," she said; "she will only find rejected MS. ; and unless she can command a better market than I—! Though there's always the butterman, of course."

"We will get them back; give me the address, and to-morrow we will talk things over. Good-night, my dear."

Jean Emden went to sleep that night, her whole being suffused with a glow of gratitude to the woman who had taken her in—without fear or question brought her home.

"Talking things over" next day ended in Miss Emden's being installed as useful companion to the Countess, with an ample salary.—Another set of links in the chain of gratitude. The boxes with their precious manuscripts were redeemed—Another link. But the final riveting of the chain was done when the Countess caused a monument to be raised

"To the memory of
JOHN EMDEN—"

bearing further a laudatory inscription and a list of his "sixty books in prose and verse."

When Jean Emden returned from Kensal Green (whither the Countess had sent her, in the carriage) she entered the room where Mary (or May as she called herself) sat alone, and running to her, kneeled at her feet.

"Thank you! thank you!" she cried—taking the fat hands and covering them with kisses—"you are better than anything in the world. Let me do things for you; find *plenty* of things that I can do—not to repay you, but to ease my own heart."

Mary, much moved, kissed her, and, deprecating the idea that she had done anything "out of the way," promised to give her companion ample opportunity of repaying "any little kindness she had had it in her power to show."

She was as good as her word. As the days and weeks went on, these opportunities became more and more frequent, till Miss Emden, like all her predecessors, found that her whole life was given up to the Countess. But, unlike her predecessors, she rejoiced and gloried in it; and Mary felt the difference between the grudging payment of hired service and the free gift of the service of love.

Miss Emden had been for three months an inmate of the pretty house at Hampstead, when the Countess received on her birthday, among some half-hundred costly bouquets and brilliant uselessnesses, the following verses:

- "To such a one on such a day
What is it I can bring,
How to your summer can my spring
Make any offering, say ?
- "The brightest gems that I can bring
Show, by your beauty, grey,
Too poor the flowers that deck my way
To ask your gathering.
- "But near you, round you, Lady May,
My heart goes wandering,
While autumn winds are whispering
Down paths your face makes gay.
- "Think that they say the unsaid thing
I have no words to say,
Nor shut me out, on this your day,
From your remembering."

They were carefully drawn on a card, on which a spray of hawthorn was painted, and for a blest five minutes the Countess believed that they were written by Everard Dobbs, the reigning critic in her set, and the handsomest man she knew, who combined the gift of verse-writing with the rarer one of discretion. He seldom published his verses, and the few he did publish appeared only in an ultra-democratic weekly, which he ran himself (at a loss of about forty pounds a month), and which was never read by his own most intimate circle.

"Look here!" The Countess passed the card across the breakfast table to the companion. As she did so her eye caught a glimpse of writing on the back of it. She drew back her hand. The companion was crimson.

"Why, *you* wrote it! You *dear*!" The Countess ran round to kiss her, knocking over a light chair with her skirts. "Why, you never told me you wrote poetry!"

"That's not poetry, I fear. I should have written better if I had not wished so much to write well."

"Not poetry? why it's charming! It's the first time any one has ever written any poetry to me that did not make me want to laugh!"

The Countess did not take much interest in her other letters and presents. She read and re-read her poem. She was rather silent during breakfast. As she finally sat down her coffee-cup she said thoughtfully:

"I wonder whether *I* could write poetry?"

"I should think so," said Miss Emden cheerfully; "it's very easy."

Mary plunged again into reverie. She was *distracte* all day. That night at 12 o'clock she knocked at Miss Emden's door.

"Am I disturbing you? I've been trying to write poetry, and I've come to read you my first attempt."

* * *

Next spring the literary world was taken by storm.

"May-blossoms," by the Countess de Villermay—with its white binding, its gold hawthorn spray (designed by Jean Emden), its wide margin and clear type—was the verse book of the season. Critics praised it; people read it, and, above all, the public bought it. Its special feature was the piquancy given to it by the incongruity of its democratic sentiments with the fact that it was written by a Countess. "Not Wanted—a Life's Story," the most striking piece in the volume, was a realistic poem of real power and merit. It was a tale of a desperate struggle against starvation.

Probably the Countess had never been so happy in her life. From her former position of a sprat among salmon, she was now raised to the rank of a salmon among minnows. People who had snubbed her, now cultivated her. She received dinner invitations from those who had formerly sent her "At Home" cards. Her friends became more friendly, her acquaintances more numerous. The *Athenæum* called her our greatest living poetess, the discerning reviewer remarking of the weakest poem in the book, "surely this has in it something of the inductiveness of vitality;" and even the *Saturday* vouchsafed encomiums.

Miss Emden was to the full as happy as the Countess in the success of "May-blossoms." She had copied out the manuscript, corrected the proofs, designed the cover. She collected the favourable reviews; there were no unfavourable ones, for the press was unanimous—as it ought to be in praising a Countess. And she read and re-read the book with a devotion that sometimes made Mary almost impatient.

When Everard Dobbs wrote and asked to be permitted to call and offer his homage to the author of "May-blossoms," Miss Emden and Countess were equally excited.

"I've only met him twice," said the Countess, "to speak to, that is. I almost wish he wasn't coming, I am horribly afraid he will find me out."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he will expect the author of 'May-blossoms' to shine more in conversation than she will do."

"You are much more brilliant than most of the poets we know."

And Mary, mentally reviewing in a flash a line of long-haired flabby youths, felt her remark to be just.

She had dressed herself to receive Mr. Dobbs' visit, in a gown whose fashionable trimmings were more than usually elaborate. She was now engaged in "putting the drawing-room straight," as she called it. That is, she was dexterously obliterating all marks of human occupation, and reducing the room to something between the drawing-room of an hotel, and that represented on our national stage.

It was a delicious May afternoon. Hampstead Heath was profusely dotted with nursemaids and perambulators.

Everard Dobbs, in his hansom, leaned back and enjoyed through his *pince-nez* the beauty of the day. It was to him an hour more interesting than his hours were wont to be. He was a man whose unhealthy social environment had proved too much for his own healthy impulses. At five-and-twenty he had become an extreme Radical, but his early expressions of his changed views had been sneered and laughed at by his intimates, and he had reached thirty without having ever found strength enough to defy public opinion—which with him, as with all of us, meant the prejudices of a very narrow circle. The five years' struggle with his own moral consciousness had left its marks upon him, and he was unhappy. He compounded with his conscience for his cowardice by running the before-mentioned paper under an assumed name, and by subscribing out of an ample income to several Democratic and Socialist societies. But the hush-money brought him no comfort. His own set voted him a "little mad on those questions," and promptly changed the conversation when he approached them, which he did rarely now. His few working-class acquaintances, while they took his money, distrusted him, and called him "*dilettante*."

"May-blossoms" encouraged him. Here at last was a woman of his kind. Surely a Countess, though only a foreign one, would be able to live with a foot in both worlds,—that of the "haves" and the "have nots." By her side he might be able to occupy the same uncomfortable position.

And he enquired about the authoress, not identifying her in his recollection with a stout lady whom he had occasionally observed at receptions and concerts. The poems haunted him. He read them again. They were stronger than he had supposed.

They expressed not only subtle refinements of sentiment, and dainty fancies, but a seriousness, a determined championing of the wronged and the oppressed which he had not met with in the poetry of any woman, and which he had never been quite able to get into his own.

So he wrote and asked if he might call upon her.

His mind was filled with the beauty of her poems, and when she came forward to meet him in her Parisian costume, he bowed low, rendered speechless by the emphasis of the contrast between her poems and herself. She held out her hand, which he took, mechanically.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" she asked, as he seated himself.

"Yes, quite perfect," he replied, as earnestly as though that needed saying, with the sun shining outside and the May airs blowing through the room.

He was violently disappointed. He could not have said what he expected her to be; but whatever it was, she was nothing like it. He pulled himself together, however, and plunged into praises of her book, she listening with a delight which Miss Emden, in the background, seemed to share.

"Do you mind my talking of your work?" he asked, when his stock of adjectives begun to run low.

"Oh no, I like it of all things; people who write always do, don't they? Only perhaps so much sugar is not good for me, all at once."

"I shall be delighted to repeat the dose, as often as you will let me," with a banal smile which she found delightful.

"No more sugar now, please," with a look at Jean; "let me have some criticism—a good strong tonic."

He leaned back a little and looked at her through his glasses. "I don't want to criticise; I should like to question."

The Countess moved her arm suddenly, and overturned a glass of Maréchal Niel roses that stood near her. When the confusion consequent on this accident and on its reparation was over, Mr. Dobbs returned to his point.

"I was asking you if I might put questions."

"If you don't ask very difficult ones."

"Well, your poem called 'Not Wanted.' How did you find out all that about the work-girls? Or was it sheer inspiration?"

She looked thoughtful.

"Oh, one gets to know things!" was the vague reply.

"And you really believe then," with the slightest possible

glance round the daintily furnished room, "that this awful poverty must go on so long as we have all—all our good things?"

"Oh, dear! I don't think I meant quite that. One's poems are poems of moods—not of opinions, don't you know?"—She had heard a jolly poet thus excuse a pessimistic sonnet.

His face suggested agreement, and she was emboldened to go on, assuming an argumentative tone—

"Of course, you know, Mr. Dobbs, I'm not so foolish as to suppose that we can do much to alter these things; though, of course, it's very sad, and all that."

"Don't believe her," cried Jean Emden, much to the astonishment of her audience. "That poem was never written by a person who thought such things could not be helped."

The Countess laughed.

"You see what a champion I have," she said. "I must leave her to fight my battles. I believe she knows what I mean as well as I do myself."

Dobbs turned to her.

"Of course, like the rest of us, you admire these wonderful poems tremendously."

"Well, I don't know that I *admire* them so very much. I think they have faults—but I am very very fond of them."

"An attached dependant," was the man's comment, "but not a toady." And he looked with some kindness at the little woman in black.

"Are you going to the Derby?" said the Countess suddenly.

Everard Dobbs accepted this remark as a finger-post to point him away from her book. He took the path indicated, and the talk turned on the frivolities of life.

Here she was eloquent—even brilliant. When he left her presence he left a mystery, and took with him a problem. How such a woman should have written such a book! this was the mystery. The problem was the old one, how to make the best of both worlds, the sensual and the spiritual. Had she solved it? he wondered.

Apparently not, judging by her talk, and yet her book—so strong—so earnest—so utterly true. He read the poem again, "Not Wanted."

The companion had been right. "Not Wanted" had been written by one who believed every word she wrote. Dobbs had written enough poetry of that kind himself to know the

real thing when he saw it, and for him there was no mistaking the note of passionate sincerity. Then how explain the contradiction of her poems and herself?

Suddenly the humiliating thought flashed upon him that it was not in her but in him that the fault lay. Had she perhaps seen through him—seen that he was more or less of a time-server and *dilettanté* democrat, and had she simply assumed that uncommonly commonplace manner, as the easiest way of expressing her determination not to cast conversational pearls before a half-hearted swine?

He got hot all over—as we all do when we think we are found out. He made one of those sudden resolutions of honesty whereby we seek to deceive ourselves and those whom we suspect of not being deceived by us.

He flung himself into a chair and began to formulate to himself his confession—shaping it to be understood by the writer of "Not Wanted."

"I will write and ask her to see me alone, and then she will help me. I am certain she could help me."

And at the moment rose a vision of the Countess, her Parisian dresses, her smile, her voice. How *could* that confession be made to a woman with three chins? He stifled the thought. After all, the real woman was in that book and not in that French gown. But the memory of that triple chin somehow kept pen from paper, and the letter was not written.

The next morning brought him a coroneted envelope containing an invitation to a garden party, with a little line across the corner, "I do hope you are not already engaged."

He was already engaged, but he broke his engagement and went to Hampstead at the day and hour indicated. He hardly hoped to be able to talk to her much, but reality surpassed expectation as far as opportunities of talk went. He almost monopolised her, and she seemed quite willing to be monopolised; but he had no chance of making his confession, for, try as he would, he could not get her to talk of her book. She carried her affectation of unconcern so far as to pretend not even to remember the name of a certain churchyard, which had inspired two sonnets in "May-blossoms."

He came home baffled—read her book again, and determined, with renewed enthusiasm, to break down the wall of reserve she had built up between her work and him, and to get at her real self.

A vain determination. It was not that he did not meet her often. He met her constantly, and sometimes wondered how it was that whereas before he had seen so little of her as not to connect her with her name, he now met her two or three times a week at dance, concert, reception, and literary *r union*. He also found that he was receiving invitations from people who were not quite in his own pet set ; and as he had not written anything just lately, and had done nothing very glorious, he found this sudden influx of cards mysterious. But he concluded that talent was becoming more popular, and accepted his invitations.

When he could not talk to the Countess he talked to Miss Emden, who interested him, in spite of her shy constrained ways, by her evident enthusiasm for and comprehension of Madame de Villermay. But when he did talk to the Countess he found it always impossible to get her to talk of the things he cared for. And his final stroke of ill-fortune in this direction was given by himself by the unlucky remark which he made one day at a picnic :

“ I believe you hate me to talk of your book.”

“ You are quite right,” she said, “ I do,” and laughed, the loud gay laugh that always echoed through his thoughts of her.

He then tried to get the companion to talk of the book and of the writer's views. She would talk of the book readily enough, but of the writer's views she had little to say. And the impression deepened in him, that they considered him unworthy of confidence on the great subject of the condition of the people. And yet the Countess did not seem to think him unworthy of attention and kindness. Indeed, Hampstead, after its manner, soon “ began to talk,” and to foretell—the good-natured a match, and the ill-natured an *esclandre*.

One evening in July he had been asked to one of the well-known Hampstead Drawing Room Meetings held to “ consider Socialism.” Unkind Philistines have said that at these meetings there is more flirtation than Socialism ; but Dobbs, at any rate, went single-heartedly, and with that consciousness of extreme virtue which is one of the compensations of those who attend discussions on political economy.

He was there early, and when the arrival of the next guest drew his hostess from his side, he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, watching the door, and amusing himself with speculations and criticisms on those who entered. There were only three or four accredited Socialists, and there was about

most of the others an air of premeditated good-humour—the kind of expression which guests wear at dessert when the children are brought in.

He rather started to find himself looking up with increased interest when Miss Emden came into the room, and he was still more astonished to find that disappointment was not quite the feeling with which he noticed that the Countess was not with her.

He went forward to greet her, and sat by her during the meeting. It was interesting to him to see every point made by the Socialist lecturer met by a flash of approval from her dark eyes. She looked very handsome, he thought, when her face lit up like this. The greater part of the audience listened with the tolerance which one shows to a schoolboy exhibiting his stamp album, or his collection of birds' eggs.

When Socialism had been "considered" for a couple of hours, the meeting broke up, and Dobbs found himself walking along beside Miss Emden under the pale July stars.

She walked along quickly, only replying by rather snappish monosyllables to his conventional commonplaces about the meeting.

"I'm afraid something's vexed you," he said presently.

She turned her eyes on him quickly.

"Have I been disagreeable? I didn't mean to be. But this sort of thing does annoy me fearfully—more than I can say."

"This sort of thing?"

"Yes—I mean—Oh it's too much to hear these smug, smirking people, in their comfortable drawing-rooms, talking about the poverty they are causing, and profiting by—just as they would discuss Chelsea china or the last new novel."

"You see they don't realize it."

"Then they should hold their silly tongues. When one *knows* what poverty means, one can hardly sit still and hear them talk. One wants so to jump up and knock their empty heads together."

"I didn't know you felt so strongly about this. Have you ever looked into the condition of the poor?"

She kicked a pebble along the pavement.

"There! that's another of the phrases that drive me nearly wild. Looked into! I've *been* in the condition."

"Oh—I beg your pardon—" and he stopped short, confused.

"Oh, there's no reason why you should beg my pardon. I

am not in the least thin-skinned, thank God! about having been poor. And since we are on this subject. . . I was penniless when the Countess took me to live with her. I owe everything to her—everything—my very life.”

The vehemence of this astonished Dobbs still more. He hardly knew what to say.

“I suppose then it was from you that the Countess got her knowledge of—of that sort of thing?”

“Yes.”

“What a remarkable woman she is!—she must have a wonderfully subtle and sympathetic mind to transmute all this—into those beautiful poems.”

She smiled, frowned, and was silent.

“Do you know, she interests me profoundly. Her brain seems to be in water-tight compartments. The poet is so completely apart from the woman.”

“Perhaps not so completely apart as you think.”

They walked along in silence for a few moments. Then suddenly, without knowing how, Everard Dobbs found himself making, to Miss Emden, the confession he had meant to make to the Countess. He told her how he had believed—and not had the courage of his faith; how he had vainly tried to satisfy his soul with the husks of conventionalism; and how, though he was still starving, he had not the strength to seek noble food. She listened absorbedly; now and then throwing in a word of a question.

“And when I read that book, I said to myself that the woman who wrote it was the only human being who could help me. That the sort of strength there is in that book, was just the sort of strength I wanted. That was why I wrote and asked her to let me come and see her. Miss Emden, I felt I loved the writer of that book.”

“And now?”

“Well, I feel I haven’t yet found her. But I hope to find her. I have failed to understand Madame de Villermay, but I mean to understand her yet.”

“You shall,” she said earnestly.

“You will help me?”

“I will—good-night.”

“Well! but this is not the house.”

“No; but I feel I must run the rest of the way.”

And without a hand-shake she left him. He was a fastidious

man, and had cultivated the fastidious side of his nature. Somehow Madame de Villermay was a little too big, a trifle too fat; her laugh was a little too loud—her *embonpoint* a little too pronounced. Why hadn't the book been written by some quiet, refined, *spirituelle* dainty little woman, like—well, even like Miss Emden?

Madame de Villermay at that moment was sitting alone; on her lap a little bundle of his notes—harmless, necessary notes—about dinners and At Homes; and in her hand a photograph—his photograph.

She was looking at it with a tender expression which became her much less than her usual society air. Her eyes half-closed and grew moist, and her features, being a trifle relaxed, looked larger than usual. She kissed the photograph—a soft hot kiss, and at the moment a tap at her door brought her up with a start. With one swift movement she thrust the letters and photograph under a pile of papers besides her, and was reading Mr. Whistler's 'Ten o'clock,' when the door opened and Miss Emden came in. She looked up.

"Well, dear? Have you had a pleasant evening? Who was there?"

Miss Emden mentioned a few names.

"And Mr. Dobbs was there, and he walked home with me."

"Oh! Why, what a pity! Why ever didn't you bring him in, dear?"

"Because he told me he loved the author of that book, and I can't bear it any longer."

She caught up a copy of "that book,"—there was one in every room in the house—and flung it across the room.

The Countess sat bolt upright; her skirt stretched ungracefully tight across her knees. Her eyes shone.

"Do you mean to say he told you he loves *me*?"

"*You*?"—the contemptuous intonation stung the Countess like a lash—"no, not you, but the woman who wrote that book!"

The other leaned back.

"I suppose you're caught yourself, since you make such a fuss about it."

"Well, if I am, I haven't shown it to him and everybody else!"

The Countess jumped up and walked across the room, and picked up the book, which lay face-downwards on the carpet.

"You seem very much excited. I must say your Socialism doesn't seem to agree with you."

"Look here,"—the other came quite close to her,—"*this man* has been for the last ten years doing his best to lose his own soul, and stifle everything that's good in him. He can be saved, I'm certain of that. Do you think *you* can save him?"

The Countess turned away.

"Oh! bother!" She tossed her head. "You know I don't understand all this high-falutin talk of losing souls and saving men, and all the rest of it. Tell me straight out what you want. You can be business-like enough when you like."

"I want you to give up trying to catch this man; he's not your kind of man at all, and it's not much of a sacrifice. You'll never catch him on your merits, and though you mayn't understand it, you'll just kill the little good there is in him, and in you too."

"Well?"

"Well, I want you to tell him the truth about the book."

"Tell him yourself."

"No, that I never will. Do you remember when we agreed to publish the book under your own name, you said a hundred times that if it succeeded, you would tell the whole world? Well, I don't ask that, and I never will ask it, but I do ask you to tell *him*."

"Agreed! Wasn't it your own proposal?"

"Yes, and a wicked one it was. A lie always ends like this."

"You shouldn't have proposed it."

"Didn't you wish me to? Don't you understand that I felt so grateful to you that I would have cut off my hands if you'd wanted it?"

"Your feelings have changed pretty much now. I believe you hate me."

"No, I don't hate you; but I hate to see you playing these stupid tricks, and trying to entangle men you don't care about. Some men aren't worth anything better, but I think this one is."

The Countess had suddenly grown calm.

"Even worth your trying to catch, eh?"

"Oh! how can you say such things? Have I ever——"

"There, there," coldly, "don't let's have any heroics—there's no need. I haven't the slightest objection to telling your friend that you wrote the book, and you can devote yourself to saving his valuable soul. Good-night."

She smiled as Miss Emden left her. When she was alone she flung her hands above her head, and then threw herself face-downwards on the sofa. She had lost the man she loved—but she had kept her secret. She could not have refused to tell Everard Dobbs; and she was glad she had consented in such an off-hand way as to put herself completely in the right, and Miss Emden in the wrong.

"It's always the way," she said to herself; "the more you do for people the less grateful they are. She'll go away now—of course. So much the better. I hate these up-in-the-clouds people, perpetually criticising you. She can have the money that's come in from 'May-blossoms.' She'd not take anything else, but she has a right to that. Nobody would ever have published her book, without my name—she ought to remember that."

An hour later Jean Emden came down—her eyes red with crying, her hair disordered, her chin firmly set.

"Look here," she said, "you have been good to me—you have saved my life. I'm an ungrateful brute! Don't tell him. I'll go away."

"And what about his soul?" said the Countess maliciously.

She looked troubled. Madame de Villermay laughed.

"Well, make your mind easy. I've just been out myself and posted a letter to him, telling him the whole thing."

The letter Dobbs received put the matter in a light not very unfavourable to the Countess; there is a way of confessing a sin which makes the sinner seem more spotless even than before—and he still visits her at Hampstead, occasionally. He much more often visits Miss Emden, in Shadwell, where she manages a Co-operative Needlewomen's Association, established with his capital, running now at a small annual loss. She has published another volume of poems, in her own name this time, and all the reviews say she has cribbed shamefully from the authoress of "May-blossoms." She believes that Mr. Dobbs is on the right road at last. He took an active part in managing a recent women's strike, and he is at present laid up with a sore throat caught in lecturing from an inverted tub outside the Dock Gates.

FABIAN BLAND.

A North-Country Flood.

IT is not often that one sees two lakes nearly three miles distant from one another suddenly run together and become a roaring sea, not often that two rivers are apparently obliterated, lost beneath an overwhelming mass of white water mile on mile. Nor is it likely that more than once in a generation the inhabitants of a neighbouring town find themselves suddenly, when they rise from their beds on a Sunday morning, cut off from all access to their ancient parish church, hear no bells ring across the water flood, and feel that they must seek out some new house of prayer for this day, and leave the graves of their kin unvisited, the seats of their Sabbath use untenanted.

But in our Lake country, if after a hard dry time in October—as dry as the driest summers—when the salmon are waiting down in the lake, and cannot make for their spawning beds; when the children run across the river weirs, and the wells are beginning to give out at the farms; if then, with hardly a fall in the barometer, a south-west wind arises, and drives the wild Atlantic mists in moving mountains of cloud ashore, and if rain falls for two consecutive days to the depth of four inches, and then the wind increasing almost to a cyclone, drives sheets of water upon the fell-side breasts, so that in twenty-four hours another four inches of rain is chronicled in the rain-gauge, then we may expect just such a flood as it was my fortune to witness on Sunday morning, October 28th, in the Keswick Vale.

All day, as it seemed, on Friday and Saturday the sun was hid, the air was full of the noise of rain and rush of flying leaves. The salmon, who had waited patiently in Bassenthwaite till they might have despaired of revisiting again their old haunts up the River Bure in the Vale of St. John, were seen to be leaping at the weir just above Robert Southey's old house at the Greta side. The mill wheels at the various mills were stopped,

for the head of water was too great ; the pencil-maker, who had been obliged to work short time for want of water, was obliged to work shorter for the fulness of the supply. And still the winds roared and the rain fell. The very windows of Heaven had been opened. Skiddaw, for the most part veiled in cloud, was, if the cloud lifted, seen to be pouring forth from his horned hill new streams of silver whiteness. The shepherds were on the alert ; when in new places, upon the flanks of their guardian mountain, the milky torrents are seen veining the steeps of Skiddaw, they know that "t'nasty daäy" has become "something serious," and Saturday afternoon saw much cattle and many sheep gathered from the pastures by the Derwent side. It was well for them that they were so, as Sunday proved. Meanwhile news came to Keswick late in the afternoon, that the Derwent, where it issues "murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves" had so suddenly overborne its continent, that somewhere up near Rosthwaite a Borrodale farmer had paid the penalty of being a riparian tenant and had lost twenty-five "as fine 't'winters' as iver carrit woo' on t' back."

"You see," said my informant, "a sheep hes a girt cwoat on, and he cannot lig it aside just when he hes a mind to, and once in t' watter he sinks t' saame as a stean."

Still the wind blew and the torrents descended ; the carrier left the market early, fearful of being unable to get across the valley to Cockermouth.

"Dar bon," said an old peasant, who in his emphasis went back to early Norman-French days ; "but its gaan to be t'end of the warld. Fwolks was buyin' and sellin', as t' Book tells us, when fust flood came, and it'll be saame now I reckon ; I doubt some ov t' marketers ull hardly git t' hame."

Darkness set in early, and with the darkness the noise of rising waters in the Greta and the howling of the storm made night almost terrible.

"Loud was the vale, her voice was up," but then the storm was not gone, and very few people slept soundly on Saturday night.

Morning broke, no sun, but like a flying spectral moon the day star showed momentarily above Helvellyn and was eclipsed. The light upon our bedroom ceiling was, however, so white, that one felt that snow was on the ground. It was no snow reflection, it was the light from the wan plain of water flood that seemed to possess the whole valley.

Greta had swept into the old green park, where the monks of Fountain's Abbey in the early days grew their pulse and vetches. A feeder from Latrigg had swollen itself into a river and was rushing violently down the ancient Pack Horse Road, by which of yore men passed from the Ford and on by Monk's Hall to Portinscale and Whitehaven.

The Ing's bridge that spans this hollow-sunken Pack Horse Road whereby who knows in early days the cross was set, Crossings bridge of our time, seemed to be in good risk of being swept away.

The main road that leads from Keswick to the church of good St. Kentigern was, by the splashing at a horseman's stirrups, submerged, and Portinscale was evidently cut off from Keswick.

But as we turned to look at the little town beneath its storm-dark Walla crag, one for the moment felt that Greta was determined to sweep it from the earth. Boiling round its corner and hurrying towards the town, the torrent had risen to what, from our vantage ground, looked like within a foot of the top of the artificial rampart that is built up between it and the houses at High Hill, which form the main approach to the town. If that bank gives, there will be death and disaster! Look at yonder bridge, how close to the keystone of each arch the Greta pours! how the waters as they pass leap up and shake the white manes of their wild horses against the Pencil Mill walls! and how the people crowd upon the bridge and watch the possible rising of the torrent stream!

Beyond the bridge the river seemed to have lost its way. The How-wray's, or field of the Holy corner, to which in the days of Cuthbert's friend "Herebert" the saint, our Island hermit, may have pushed his rude boat ashore to give the people holy admonishment, and through which his predecessor in Christ, Saint Kentigern, may have passed with his converts more than thirteen centuries ago, to baptize them in the Derwent stream, was now entirely under water.

Lost was the Greta, lost the Derwent river, lost the northern confines of the lake; and had it not been for the upstanding of the grey parapet of the Long Bridge near Portinscale, with the white flashing, close beneath it, of the tremendous torrent, one might have felt that Derwent and Greta had ceased to be.

Far as eye could see a calm white lake possessed the plain; the hedgerows and trees might have been so much flotsam upon

the water, a huge net cast upon the flood by the giants in Heaven.

Suddenly a bell tolled out, it was near upon eight of the clock, and hurrying by a way that one felt would alone enable one to get to the church, one was just in time, as the flood water was still rising, to reach the mound upon which the wise St. Mungo, doubtless in fear of some such flood, determined so long ago as 553 to set up a cross in token of the faith he preached, in the clearing of the wood from whence the parish of to-day derives its name,—Crosthwaite. The old sexton grinned from head to foot.

"I'se kindled chuch fire, and I'se rung t' bell, but me and chuch cats is aw th' congregation for to-daay. They tell me Newland's beck is burst. Fwoaks cannot git whativer from Portinscale or town. And I sud not ha' bin here mysel' but for t' räailwäay; I rose betimes and climmed t' 'bankment, and so I'se here. Eh, my, but it's a quare doment howiver."

Joe was right. It was a queer "doment," for the water was still rising on the road at the church gate, and in the meadow beside "the dub," or hollow, with whose name readers of Southey's 'Doctor' are familiar.

Up the tower of the old Crosthwaite Church we went, and the sight rewarded us. Derwent Hill, the Howe Farm, and Salmon-guards stood out like green islands from the wild deluge; with these exceptions the Keswick valley, from the gates of Borrodale to furthest Caermote beyond Bassenthwaite, looked just one large lake.

Truly Bassenthwaite's older name of Broadwater seemed to have been deserved, to-day it might well have returned to it.

There was a pause in the storm, and Skiddaw for a moment ceased to hide "its front among Atlantic clouds." Dark purple, stained with the iron rust of the drenched fern, the shales upon the High Maen leaped up angrily against the cold wet sky.

The milky cataracts in fine thread lacework twisted themselves together and plunged from the heights to Millbeck and Applethwaite, of Wordsworthian memory, and the full becks hustled through the lower grounds towards the inundation. Far away Lodore showed like an avalanche of snow, and Barrow Fall leapt clear to view down towards the Lake. A horseman-shepherd went by to see to charges bleating on a knoll near; the flood-imprisoned cattle lowed pitifully enough from upper pastures, and here and there, with much splashing, their udders

touching the water on the roadway, the milch kine were being driven towards the milk-pail and safety by men in carts. Then the huge skirts of another storm wiped out all view of Barf and Wythop, and trailing after it a majestic train of rain-wove cloth of silver, another burst of rain fell heavily with voice that could be heard upon the flanks of Skiddaw and the tower of the ancient church.

I left the sexton in the belfry, but not before I had learned that tradition told how more than sixty years ago, between 1820 and 1823, just such a flood possessed the valley.

It was Market Saturday, the day before New Year's Day, when every parson and yeoman felt it obligatory to come into Keswick, stable his horse at the inn, to which he went throughout the market days of the year, and put down 3s. for his dinner, and eat and drink success to his host. One "Priest" Brown of Bassenthwaite lost his way home on the occasion. The Greta was out over the wall, his nag mistook the main stream for the main road, and he was swept down by Keswick Bridge to his death, unless happen it was i' Limepots whar they fun him dead."

Again, about forty years ago, on a New Year's Day, the snows on the top of the hills melted in a downpour of warm rain, and "fwoaks didn't git to t' ald church, and rwoads was most ter'ble cut up, and there was a girt flood i' October '46."

"About twenty-five years or more happen sen much about t' saame time o' year as thissen, there was sic another watter cam down by Monk's Ha' and went thro' t' gaate at Crossings, and t' graaved a hoal i' the midder where it bet" (that is lit) "that thutty carts or more wudn't full it up. But I niver in o' my born days see'd watter rise after dry wedder as fast as this, nivver—nivver sic a thing. It's most ter'ble straange, it happens most waayses upon t' Sunday. There's an old saayin' i' the vale—

" ' Morlan Fluid
Ne'er did guid.'

But why, you know, that's the flood at Morlan fair-time, i' August."

I remembered the saying, and doubting not that the old couplet chronicled some great flood at the Magdalene Feast day in pre-Reformation years, afterwards known as "Morlan Fair," I could not but remind the old sexton of the time when the Church festivals were made to coincide with the convenient gatherings of the folk at their fairs, and when the man who,

here at Keswick, would sell his beast well at the summer fair, felt he had not much chance of a good bargain unless first he had prayed at the shrine of the Magdalene, and made his offering at the altar which stood beneath the window in the chapel close beyond the Southey monument.

That "Morlan" or "Magdalene" flood would prevent cattle getting to market and worshippers coming to the shrine of St. Mary Magdalene. I dare say if old Sir John Steyle, the last Chantry priest, who was pensioned off in the twenty-sixth year of bluff King Hal, could rise from his dust beneath the chancel floor, he would tell us the origin of the saying,

"Morlan Fluid
Ne'er did guid."

Henceforth we must vary the quaint rhyme, and say,

"Keswick Flood
O' St. Simon and Jude
Ne'er did guid ;"

but the sexton would not away with it.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that the flood leaves behind finest dressin' for grass iver cud be ; it isn't to tell what a fine lock o' ley" (*i.e.* hay-grass) "ull be for the mowin' next harvest time."

I left my old friend in full grin at the gathering waters, one "chuch" cat on his shoulder, the other mewing at his feet, and getting on to the railway embankment that passes at the end of the churchyard, set face for home. A sense of indescribable loneliness possessed me as I turned to take a last look at St. Mungo's Church, lonely and flood-girdled, its Sunday use gone ; its glorious peal of bells for that day to be silent in the tower ; but as one gazed on the quiet circlet of graves, where

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

one also realized the quiet from all fear of harm which was theirs who had crossed that other flood, and one was comforted.

Still high lifted above the trouble of the waters, as if she could breast all storms, and feared no overwhelming,

"The snow-white church upon her hill
Sat like a thronèd lady sending out
A gracious look all over her domain,"

and very specially now that the meadows near were wrapt from sight did the dead ones resting beside her seem to come back to mind.

With what delight, one reverently thought, would he, on such a day of storm and cataract glories, have come forth from his grave to gaze with open eyes, of whom Wordsworth wrote in the first line of his epitaph for the monument in yonder holy house of prayer—

“Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps ;
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps ;
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps and fixed them here, on you
His eyes have closed.”

“Croset's” (*i.e.* Crosthwaite is) “not the only place where priest will ha' nowt to dea this day,” said an old friend, as I crossed the only part of the Fitz Park still above flood water, and passed the bowling-green, now in possession of ruder hands than the hands of men. “They tell St. John beck's out an aw, and neabody can git to chapel to-daay on Naddle Fell.”

One remembered as he spoke, how still the awe of the mighty waters, hurled suddenly upon Helvellyn's side, hangs above the Vale of St. John, for all that the waterspout which wrought such mischief from Legburthwaite right down the dale, fell as long ago as 1749. But the fact is, that in this Lake country, where all the vales are just so many conduits for the storm, where, when it “siles down reet gaily, every road becomes a sike, and every sike a beck, and every beck a river, as t' sayin' is,” one cannot tell what is to be the issue if the becks are full, and a storm-cloud breaks far up upon the hills.

As I spoke, just such a freshet came down the Greta, now surcharged and boiling along into the back lanes of Keswick. The sound, as this freshet crashed down, was as though the torrent had taken a fit. The hoarse crackle and cry of the gurgling wave, as it swept on beneath the bridge, had a really human note of pain and distress within it ; and a kind of tidal surge swept into the Park. And still the heavens were opened, and the rain fell !

About noon the downpour ceased for a while ; but the wind seemed to gain strength, and, with less heavily-weighted wings, rushed against the woods. The rooks that were very busy—for the waters drove their prey above ground—if they lifted from their feast were sent whirling up into the sky. The sea gulls come up from the coast alone seemed able to manage their white sails, and steer their wonderful ways wisely above the flood.

Walking to Friar's Crag, one found the lake had risen from a very low point to the highest, all but five inches, ever known. "Nine feet, at least," said one boatman, who spoke of the greatest flood as having taken place about fifty years ago; but dates were nothing to him. It was small comfort to feel that the boats in the Squire's boat-house hard by were less in risk of being lifted clean through the roof by five inches than half a century ago. It certainly looked now as if more rain fell, the water already at the eaves would play bad pranks with any shallop therein bestowed. As for the boats laid up for the winter on the isthmus, in the early morn they were floating bottom up, and lockers, with their contents of cushions, rudders, and the like, had gone, it seemed, to the more capacious locker of Davy Jones. The isthmus itself was an island now. Vicar's Island was minished in size, and waters broke upon its grassy lawn. Lingholme had ceased to be; the island of good St. Herbert looked like a giant floating raft of brushwood. The rocks beloved by the cormorants had sunk their dark heads beneath the tide. The herons had fled to Wythop Woods, and the sad-faced heronry of men fished with their boat-hooks for their lost boat-furniture and such-like treasures, amongst the flotsam of leaves and wreckage upon the stormy shore.

I knew that the heights of the three floods of March 1881, November 1863, and November 21st, 1861, were painted on a boat-house close by, and shall not soon forget the sight of the long white breaker of water upon the terrace of Crow Park Cottage as I went to inspect, nor the wonderful effect of water, water, everywhere, betwixt us and Portinscale. "It's the biggest flood within five inches seen here in memory of man," said one. "I suppose the biggest was on Market Saturday, first Saturday in the New Year about sixty years since." "Na, na," replied another friend, "it was Candlemas Setturdaäy, i' February, 1822, was't time Priest Brown was found drowned i' Limepots beneath t' vicarage hill. Deal of ice cam' down t' beck, washed away machines at t' Forge, mashed up Shulecrow brig and fult houses w' watter. My father kenned it weel; eh, man, but why we've a clock at yam as shows mark o' t' fluid upon t' case, and father us't to crack a deal about t' ald clock bein' flayte o' t' fluid, and niver quite t' saam i' its head efter. Candlemas Setturdaäy, mind ye, i' '22. Setterdaäy as o' t' fowks us't to paay if they'd borrit enny here i' Kessick, and a grand market day an' aw. There woz a stiffish bit of a fluid, I remember weel,

three times i' '74. Most particular girt un o' the first week of October, I mind, but it didn't com' up to this, nowt like it."

As he spoke, the southern part of Derwentwater seemed to go a different colour, the water at our feet was almost clouded to a smoky yellow, but beyond, right across the lake, it had assumed a deep purple stain, and with the roar of a cyclone, bending low the tree-tops of the wooded isles as it passed, the storm blast was upon us.

Only twice had I seen the waters of our inland lakes so lashed to agony. Once on the day the 'Eurydice' went down; once on a day that wrecked two friends of rare promise for English life and English gentlemanhood here in sight of a land that does not forget them.

As the storm, accompanied with sheets of rain, broke upon Friar's Crag, we marvelled that the tough claws of the stout Scotch firs could still clasp and keep foothold. A company of girls, who had come down to see the floods, were swept asunder as if they had been leaves, and so the hurricane roared by. But determined if possible on seeing Lodore at its fullest and fiercest, through the storm we trudged.

The glare of the rich wet beech-leaves, the flash of the dark red fern, now that the wind had swept off much brave foliage and let the winter light into the Great wood—was marvellous. The air was full of cries, the trees were full of pain, and the risen waters moaned and broke among the tree-stems close by the Borrodale road. I had never felt so forcibly that line from "In Memoriam," "The forests cracked, the waters curled," as now. The mysterious storm-light from the ground mixed redly with the darkness of the cloud-wrack and the paleness of the water-flood; as for the rain, it lashed the lake and thrashed the trees, and smiting upon the roadside walls, spun up in finest mist and whirled across the way.

Catghyll was reached, now a double torrent, Catghyll so loved of Southey and Jonathan Otley. The poet never saw it finer, no, not even on the day he went to see "the waters come down from Lodore." Struggling on through the storm voices of the wood, I reached the part of the road beneath the streaming Falcon Crag where the treelessness enabled me to hear, not unmixed with the melancholy wail of wind upon the purple rocky heights, the long-repeated roll as of a sea.

Derwentwater was sea-minded now, and broke with constant iteration of billows upon the marge. But one was struck with

the crush given to the roll upon the beach by the fact that each wave was, or seemed to be, a solid line of green and gold and red-leaved flotsam, that rose, curved and broke with sough and sigh upon the bank. The green leaves seemed mostly ash-leaves, and a queer spectacle of bristling nakedness did the ash-trees present, all the leaf peduncles still remaining on the boughs that overhung the water-flood.

At Barrow all further progress on foot was impossible ; the lake waves were beating across the road upon the garden wall of Barrow House, and for well-nigh a mile the high road was covered. But who can describe the beauty of that double leap of snowy foam that crashed down the woodland cleft behind Barrow House, and seemed as if it would sweep the very Hall away ? What ecstasy of sound ! The Derwent Hermit must in times of flood have heard other torrents than Lodore "peal to his orisons !" Talk of music ! "The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing" may suit an idle wanderer among the hills ; but he who needs a tonic for his soul, who would realize how of our mortal hearing Wordsworth rightly wrote :

"The headlong streams and fountains
Serve thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers."

—he who, stirred by such sound as fills the Barrow woodland to-day, or "stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore," would understand that sonnet,

"Two voices are there : one is of the sea,
One of the mountain's ; each a mighty voice.
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty ;"

must do as we are doing, climb the rough-hewn stair, beside the Barrow waterfall, when four inches of rain have fallen in twenty-four hours, and passing out on to the top of a precipice, he must stand and gaze on Jessie Crag, full-fronting Gowder Crag, and Shepherd's Crag, with great Lodore an avalanche of snow and sound between.

Below our feet the waste of water seemed to have swallowed up the whole valley ; only three little knoll-like meadows clustered about the Lodore Hotel were visible. Far as eye could scan, from farthest Bassenthwaite to Grange beneath the Castle hill in Borrodale, was raging water flood. Still the winds blew and the rains fell, then as suddenly ceased, and in the hush Barrow and Lodore joined in a great chorus of exultation that shook the

air. Back we walked from Ashness wood to the spot so hallowed by memories of the last great poet gone to his rest. There at the spot whence—as he described in his poem “Resignation”—

“The eye first sees far down,
Capped with faint smoke, the noisy town,”

we sat by the “wild brook” whose “shining pools he knew,” twice visited; now they were clouded as amber, from the tremendous rain, but

“In our eyes and in our ears
The murmur of a thousand years,”

was loud as it was to him, who hence gazed through “tears,”

“In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.”

The hills echoed with the voices of primal earth. The cataracts, as we looked up the hillside to our right, “blew their trumpets from the steep” as they blew them in the ears of the centuries long gone by.” We saw, as he saw sitting there,

“Life unroll
Not surely a placid but continuous whole.
The life whose dumb wish is not missed
If birth proceeds, if things subsist,
The life of plants, and storms, and rain.”

Ah, truly with him we could say,

“The world in which we draw our breath
In some sense, Fausta, outlasts death.”

We, in much thought of those two friends who sat here in the days gone by, were feeling deeply that at any rate their world was outlasting the death-hour, were wondering to what clearer heights of vision they had both attained, when far over the wide-watered shore to the west, was seen to come a change. Bassenthwaite, as pale as a dead man’s face, visibly glowed and gleamed with new life. The cloud-wrack suddenly parted, the curtains of the storm in mid-heaven seemed to be looped back by invisible hands, and such an aery pageant of sunset glory was enacted between Barf and Skiddaw Dodd as it has seldom been my fortune to behold.

“The cloud-capped domes, the gorgeous palaces” of such a weird city of the Arabian Nights, as Albert Goodwin can present to us, loomed up in rosiest calm, that looked eternal.

We realised something of the joy of those of old when,

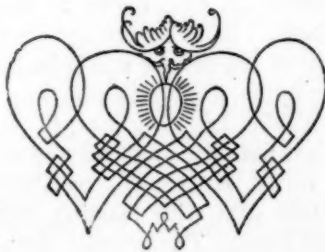
“O’er the misty, tumbled deep,
God laid His sunbow, and His peace came down
And made the troubled waters breathe of peace.”

Twenty-four more hours without rain, and I stood on the Vicarage terrace, from which at sunset time on a calm October day in 1769, Gray, the poet, saw “the sweetest scene he had yet discovered in point of pastoral beauty.” I verily believe he would still have gazed with satisfaction. The grasses on the long back of Helvellyn and Glaramara were washed into strange whiteness, the fern on Grisedale and Skiddaw was still dusky red from the recent rainfall, but the fields had reappeared, children sang along the roads, and men and cattle came as of old across the valley.

The Greta, murmuring loud, had sunk from sight, the Derwent shone clear and brimming as it swept through emerald meadows toward the sea. But the white face of that pastor in his Sabbath sleep, that looked up so helplessly at the man who found him in the hollow way at my feet, sixty-six years ago, haunted the scene.

One felt that the tears of heaven had called forth a grief two generations of men had well-nigh forgotten. The flood that had passed away had left sad memories behind.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.



Foundation Stones of English Music.

VI.—CAROLS: SERIOUS AND SECULAR.

PART II.—SECULAR OR FESTIVE CAROLS.

“ Not a man here shall taste my March beer
Till a Christmas carol he doth sing.”

Old Robin Hood Ballads.

IT would be of great interest, if space permitted, to endeavour to trace the distinction between sacred and secular traditional music, taking as examples of each specimens of old carol tunes. The boundary line between them, is, however, so very narrow, and the two divisions musically, possess so very much in common, that it would be a very difficult undertaking to define the distinction clearly, if indeed it were possible at all. Our national airs are so nearly hymns, and our hymns so nearly national airs, that the carol, whose words and music constantly hold a place between the two, seems to possess many of the characteristics of both. For our present classification we must be content to find that the serious carols incline, as might easily be imagined, to the hymn, those with which we now have to deal, under the head of secular, adhering more to the song, celebrating for the most part, old national practices and customs.

These festive carols or songs (peculiarly applicable to Christmas), as a rule deal with feasting, drinking, decorating, and carousing of all kinds ; Tusser calls them the “convivial or jolie carols ;” they were sung either by the minstrels, who attended great houses for the purpose on feasting days, or in some cases by the whole company, gathered together to attend the feasts. Some of them, (the wassail songs) may be

traced back to the Anglo-Normans, "who were very prone to conviviality, and encouraged everything that was likely to aid it." *

References are made, by nearly all the celebrated writers of carol poetry, to pastimes and festivities belonging to the Christmas season, of which we find but meagre accounts elsewhere ; thus giving these festive carols an extra interest, from their intimate connection with the familiar life of the times in which they were written ; Christmas in the olden days lives again for us in their verses, its revelries clothed in centuries of romance : " Suppose Christmas now approaching, the evergreen ivie trimming and adorning the portals . . . the usual carrolls to observe antiquitie, cheerfully sounding . . . neighbours whom he tends as members of his own family to joyne with him in mirth and melody ; " such was a good householder's Christmas in the sixteenth century, from which we may easily gather, that carol singing held an important place in its festivities. According to our motto,

" Not a man here shall taste my March beer
Till a Christmas carol he doth sing !
Then all clapt their hands and shouted and sung
Till the hall and the parlour did ring."

Among other authors, Nicolas Breton (1626) adds his testimony, that " it is now Christmas, and not a cup of drink must pass without a carol." The proverb " no song no supper," may owe its origin to this practice in connection with festive carols. There are various comical stories to that effect ; one being, that " a jovial knight " having gathered his friends together forbade the drink to go round at table until he " that was master over his wife " should first sing a Christmas carol ; dead silence prevailing, a poor gentleman at last ventured in a frightened voice to squeak out, " as much as he durst ! " The same proceeding reversed was then announced at the women's table, whereupon they fell all to such a singing, that there was never heard such a catterwalling piece of music !

The poets Herrick and Wither have both given us pictures of our national Christmas as it was left by Elizabeth ; there is no better or livelier account of the manner in which it was celebrated in England before Puritanism, than the bright, jubilant song from the pen of George Wither.

* Husk.

Festive carols seem capable of division into three classes, —Wassail songs, Boar's-head songs, and Miscellaneous songs.

The first presentation of the wassail bowl on record is said to have been when Rowena, daughter of the Saxon King Hengist, offered the British Vortigern a bowl of some favourite liquid, welcoming him with the words, "Llouerd King wassheil;" it appears, however, that she only used a very ordinary form of speech of that time; so that the wassail bowl may be said to belong from earliest periods to occasions of feasting, more particularly to Christmas, "Was-haile" and "Drink-heil" being the usual phrases of the Anglo-Saxons, equivalent to "Good health" or "I drink to you."

The drink contained in the Wassail Bowl was made of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crab apples; this used to be carried round from house to house at Christmas, and small sums of money presented to its bearers, as in the case of carol singers. Before the suppression of monasteries, it was the custom for the wassail bowl to be placed on the abbot's table, and entitled "*Poculum Caritatis*"—cup of charity or love, hence no doubt the well-known "loving cup," and the "grace cup" of the Universities to this day.

We will commence our selections of specimens of wassail songs by a very familiar, "merry," Christmas carol, possessing a fine tune, (surely a version of the British Grenadiers?) given in 'Chappell's National Airs'; it was taken from a book of carols in the collection of Anthony à Wood, entitled 'Good and true, fresh and new, Christmas carols;' it does not contain any actual mention of the wassail bowl, but

"Come fill us of the strongest,
Small drink is out of date,"

is, we should say, evident reference to it.

Another famous wassail song is to be found in Mr. Husk's collection,

"Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree,
We be good fellows all, I drink to thee."

This carol and its excellent tune, seem to be natives of Gloucestershire, where, as late as 1864, it was sung by a company of wassailers in the little village of Over; but, not since the beginning of this century has it been accompanied by the great bowl, with its garlands and flowing ribbons.

As late as the latter half of the last century, the curious custom of "wassailing the trees," (of which Herrick writes

"Wassail the trees that they may bear
You many a plum, and many a pear,
For more or less fruit they will bring
As you do give them wassailing.")

was kept up in Cornwall, where, on the eve of Twelfth Night, a large milk-pail of cyder with roasted apples in it, was carried out to the orchards, and each member of the company drank a portion of the mixture in a mug, chanting the while,

"Here's a health to thee, good apple-tree ;"

after which, the remainder contained in mug and milk-pail was thrown upon the trees, with a firm belief in the performance producing an excellent crop of fruit. There can be little doubt that this custom was a relic of the sacrifices to Pomona.

Herrick has made some beautiful and valuable additions to Christmas poetry in the "*Hesperides*," and his poem on the Wassail is a complete account of that ancient custom. Many of these songs were set by the composer Henry Lawes, of whose music, however, now hardly anything is known. The small portion of it we have been able to come across, convinces us that it suffers from most unmerited oblivion. Here again is an opportunity for any one caring about old English music, to see justice done to an original, gifted, national musician. Lawes' theory, (of using music to express words, and his manner of carrying it out, a sort of flowing recitative) might almost lay claim to being a germ of modern development as represented by Wagner. But how many persons to-day who think it praiseworthy to know pages of *Lohengrin*, &c., care to trace a germ of motive writing to the music of Henry Lawes?

From the late Mr. John Broadwood's unpublished collection of people's songs, we are enabled to give a specimen of a traditional wassail song, neither words nor music having appeared in print before, as far as we are aware. The music of it has something in common with, "God rest you, merry gentlemen," found in every collection of Christmas carols, and in most of national melodies. It is possible that it may be another version of the same song; would that the ordinary ballads of to-day bore as little resemblance to one another, or that their basis was good enough to admit of two emanations from the same root!

A WASSAIL, A WASSAIL.

Harmonised by G. A. DUSART.

A was - sail, a was - sail, a was-sail we be - gin, With

su - gar-plums, and cin - na - mon, and o - ther spi - ces in ;

With a was - sail, a was - sail, a jol - ly was -

- sail, And may joy come to you, and to our was - sail.

I.

A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we begin,
 With sugar-plums, and cinnamon, and other spices in ;
 With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
 And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.

2.

Good master and good mistress, as you sit by the fire,
 Consider us poor wassailers, who travel through the mire.
 With a wassail, &c.

3.

Good master and good mistress, if you will be but willing,
Come send us out your eldest son with a sixpence or a shilling.

With a wassail, &c.

4.

Good master and good mistress, if thus it should you please,
Come send us out your white loaf, likewise your Christmas cheese.

With a wassail, &c.

5.

Good master and good mistress, if you will so incline,
Come send us out your roast beef, likewise your Christmas chine.

With a wassail, &c.

6.

If you've any maids within your house, as I suppose you've none,
They wouldn't let us stand a wassailing so long on this cold stone.

With a wassail, &c.

7.

For we've wassail'd all this day long, and nothing we could find,
Except an owl in an ivy-bush, and her we left behind.

With a wassail, &c.

8.

We'll cut a toast all round the loaf, and set it by the fire,
We'll wassail bees and apple-trees* until your heart's desire.

With a wassail, &c.

9.

Our purses they are empty, our purses they are thin,
They lack a little silver to line the well within.

With a wassail, &c.

10.

Hang out your silver tankard† upon your golden spear,
We'll come no more a wassailing until another year.

With a wassail, &c.

The Boar's-head carols form quite a literature of their own. From very early times the boar's-head always occupied the principal place of importance at all Christmas festivities. It was brought to table with the greatest ceremony, trumpeters preceding the bearer; Henry II., at the coronation of his son as heir apparent in 1170, himself brought in the boar's-head that was to grace the feast. The honour of preserving the Boar's-head festivities rests, however, with Queen's College, Oxford, where, since its foundation in 1340, a regular ceremony has taken place, consisting of bringing in the head, with music and

* Alluding to the custom (still existing in Sussex) of repeating certain rhymes, and charm-verses, to the bees and the apple-trees.

† Or "silken handkerchief" as some sing.

a carol. The following extract gives a very correct account of "a ryght merrie iouste of ye olden tyme" still taking place at Queen's College,

"Every Christmas Day, strangers being admitted. A large Boar's Head, weighing between sixty and seventy pounds, surmounted by a crown, wreathed with gilded sprays of laurel and bay, mistletoe and rosemary, with small banners surrounding, is brought into the Hall by three bearers, whose entry is announced by trumpet. A procession of the Provost and Fellows precedes the entry of the Boar's Head. The bearers are accompanied by the precentor, who chants an old English carol, the Latin refrain being joined in by those present. At the close, the ornaments are presented to the spectators. Four versions of the carol are given, the first being 'The Original Carole' from 'Christmasse Carolles, newly empynted at London in ye flete strete, at ye syne of ye Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of our Lorde, m.d.xxi.'—

"A CAROLE, BRYNGYNG IN YE BORE'S HEED.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The bore's heed in hand brynge I,
With garlans gay and rosemary ;
And I pray you all syng merey,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's heed, I understande,
Is the chefe service in this lande ;
Loke wherever it be fande,
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lordes, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bore's heed with mustarde."

The second is the Carol used at the present time.

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary ;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio.

The boar's head as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland
Let us survive cantico.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss ;
Which on this day to be served is
In Regimensi Atrio."

Chorus to each verse :

"Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

The third is very rare, from the Balliol MSS., No. 354 :—

“Caput apri refero,
Resonens laudes Domino.

The boris hed in honde I brynge,
With garlandes gay and byrde syngynge,
I pray you all help me to synge,
Qui estis in convivio.

The boris hed, I understond,
Ys chiefly sirved in this londe,
Wher so ever it may be fonde,
Ceruitur cum sinapio.

The boris hed, I dare well say,
Anon after the xvth day
He taketh hys leve and goth away,
Exiuit de patria.”

The fourth version is yet more ancient—from the Porkington MSS., a fifteenth-century collection. It commences—

“Hey, hey, hey, hey, the borrys hede is army’d gaye;
The borrys hede in hond I brynge,
The borris hede ye furst mes.

The boris hede, as I yow say,
He takes his leyfe, and gothe his way,
Gone after the xij tweyl fyt day,
With hey.”

“The legend attached to the ceremonial, ascribing its origin, is extremely fanciful. Five hundred years since (*circa* 1376), a student (*taberdar*) of Queen’s College, was perusing Aristotle in Shotover Forest (four miles from Oxford). While thus engaged, he was savagely attacked by a wild boar; and, in self defence, closing with his porcine opponent, he thrust the volume down its capacious throat, exclaiming ‘*Græcum est*’—‘It’s Greek!’ so suffocating the animal. Thus far tradition. But to render it more probable, in the College is preserved the picture of a saint, having a boar’s head transfixed on a spear, with a mystic inscription under—‘*Copcot*.’ There is a similar representation in an illuminated window in Horspath Church, near the locality where the alleged incident happened. To celebrate the traditional escape of the student from the savage onslaught of the boar the custom at Queen’s College was introduced. A boar’s head forms the cognisance of the Gordon, Chetwode, and Nigel families, and members of each family have matriculated at Queen’s College, and the legend might have been founded on the fact that a member of the Gordon family slew a wild boar in Huntley Wood, 1193, in self-defence. But, undoubtedly the custom takes its rise from an ancient *Babylonish Sun Festival*, during which a wild boar was sacrificed to Adonis, or Tammuz, the Sun god, because Adonis (also known as Nimrod) was said to have been killed by the tusk of a boar—a boar’s head being always served up at the festival. Egyptians, Germans, Greeks, Indians, Massagetes, Persians, Romans, Scandinavians, &c., alike held their sun festivals, at each of which an offering of the boar took place at Yule-tide

(Yule signifying sun-wheel). The festival of the Druids in honour of the Thor, was called Ieul or Yeol, whence the derivation Yule. Christmas was introduced as a festival so late as the fourth century—taking to a great extent the place of the Yule observance. In other words, what is still celebrated at Queen's College, Oxford, St. John's College, Cambridge (December 27), and in a few other places, is but a survival of what was formerly a regular and almost universal rite—*Sun Worship at the winter solstice.*"

We have given at length this quotation from Shrimpton's 'Oxford,' (which forms part of a card containing the music of the carol, handed to the guests at the Boar's-head festivity), as it takes us straight back to the Sun-worship origin of these festivals, to which some slight reference has already been made in the first part of this article. It is easy to see what an important part this theory plays in their history, and how strongly it influenced the carols. This mention of it, may again bring back any thoughtful reader to,

"Who lists may in the mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery."

The tune of the Boar's-head carol, printed in all collections, is now sung with bass solo, and chorus of men and boys. From the old steel plates, however, in possession of the College, we find it was originally adapted for men's voices only.*

In a fifteenth century MS., before mentioned as being edited by Mr. Wright for the Percy Society, we find a curious boar's-head carol, seeming to refer to the students' fight with the boar; but in this version, a more ordinary weapon than Aristotle is allowed to despatch the infuriated animal! From the Additional MSS. in the British Museum comes another quaint specimen, of which we give the last verse, to show the curious mixture of sacred and profane, by no means intended as irreverence, in fifteenth-century style.

"The boar's head we bring with song
In worship of Him that sprung
Of a Virgin to redress all wrong—Noel!"

Modern worship, and ancient sacrifice, had not then *quite* separated one from another, in reality at any rate, though possibly in theory! The music of this carol is printed in Stafford Smith's "Musica Antiqua" for soprano and alto solo voices, with a chorus in three parts, soprani and two alti, which suggests, that it might

* We are indebted for all information regarding the Boar's-head festivity to the courtesy of the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford.

have been the property of the "wenches" (possibly as one of their repertoire), who in bygone days possessed the monopoly of carrying round the wassail bowl. According to Wither, Christmas-time was not complete unless

"The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing."

Turning to our third division of festive carols, which, for want of a better heading, we have called Miscellaneous, those on the decorating customs of Christmas seem first to claim our attention, from their poetical importance. Many specimens of them on the Ivy, and the Holly, are to be found in Mr. Bullen's, Mr. Husk's and other collections. The old fifteenth-century carols made these decorative trees almost into personages! In one example, we have a word-duel for the special rights of Holly *versus* Ivy, in another the two great evergreens hold serious converse over their respective merits!

A curious ancient carol contained in a British Museum MS., of the reign of Henry VIII., commences, "Noel, Noel, who is there that singeth so, Noel?" This example possesses the peculiarity of having scraps of French interwoven with it; "which may perhaps point to the period at which Henry met Francis I. on the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold." * The manuscript has good music in three parts, soprano, alto, and tenor, of which a print is to be found in Stafford Smith's "Musica Antiqua," that excellent work to which we owe the preservation of so many interesting, musical, national relics.

To the kind co-operation of Mr. Barclay Squire, of the British Museum, we are indebted for the privilege of a copy of a beautiful, and hitherto obsolete carol, entitled "A glee at Christmas," from the second book of 'Ayres and Dialogues,' (1669) by Henry Lawes. Both words and music have a true, jocund, old-world ring about them, and in a simple way serve as an example of Lawes' theories, (seen fully in his more advanced pieces,) for on the word "dance" he changes his regular common time, to a three-time dance measure. The mention in this carol when "twelve is done," refers, of course, to the idea that Christmas ended with the festivities of Twelfth Night. We do not pretend to be enamoured of the gravity of the present day, and it is somewhat grateful to turn back to people who could put off thinking of their "affairs," for twelve whole days! Lawes' setting

* Husk.

merits a careful harmonization for modern use, but for the present it is given in its original form.

A GLEE AT CHRISTMAS.

Mr. HENRY LAWES.

'Tis Christ-mas now, 'Tis Christ-mas now, when Ca - to'sself would laugh, And
smoothing forth his wrinkled brow, Gives li - ber - ty to quaff, To dance, to
sing, to sport and play; For ev - 'ry hour's a ho - ly-day.

And for the twelve days, let them pass
In mirth and jollity :
The time doth call each Lad and Lass
That will be blithe and merry.
Then dance and sing, &c.

And from the rising of the sun
To th' setting cast off cares ;
'Tis time enough when twelve is done
To think of our affairs.
Then dance and sing, &c.

For general collections of Carols, without some notice of which we could not adequately close our sketch, we find the earliest are either gathered from manuscripts in our various libraries, or else, from that terribly vague authority, Tradition. The first printed collection was issued by Wynkyn de Worde in 1542, only a fragment of which has descended to us ; in it, however, the original version of the Boar's-head carol, as we have already seen, was discovered. Another early collection was that by Richard Kele about 1550. After that we do not find many

printed examples of the genuine carol nature till we come to a publication containing "Remember, O thou man," in 1611, still a well-known ditty possessing excellent words and original four-part harmony. Then a few years later came a collection by William Slatyer, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century we have many beautiful examples from a periodical called 'Old Robin's Almanac,' many unsigned pieces therein, having the reputation of Herrick's authorship.

For the words of the delightful jovial carols, with which we have just been dealing, we must however turn to some small black-letter collections only to be seen in the Bodleian Library, the first dating 1642, the latest 1688; here we may find a goodly company of poetry and conviviality! Mr. Bullen has unearthed the best of the songs belonging to this enchanting Christmas fairyland, but it still remains for an energetic musician to make an enterprising raid in the discovery of its music.

For modern collections of old carols, we are of course greatly indebted to Mr. Davies Gilbert and Mr. Sandys in the beginning of this century, and later to Mr. Helmore and Dr. Stainer. The two latter, taken together, form a very satisfactory whole, as far as sacred and legendary carols are concerned; there is deep antiquarian interest shown, in the choice of Mr. Helmore's examples, and the best traditional tunes are of course excellently harmonized wherever Dr. Stainer has undertaken the task.

But for our well-beloved jovial carols, where must we look for a collection? Of their poetry, as we have seen, some instances are to be found; but, combined with music, we know not of one. A collection of these festive songs would be an interesting addition to the national melodies of our country, dealing, as they do, more than any other songs, with our ancient national customs. We cannot help feeling sure it would be heartily welcomed by numbers at the present day, for we cannot believe that enjoyment of all light-hearted, innocent revelry is stamped out of the English of to-day, but prefer to think that at any rate some people still exist who would rejoice to sing with us,

"Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we I pray be duller;
No, let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller.
And whilst thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Woods and hills and everything
Bear witness we are merry."

In this and the preceding papers, our object has been two-fold, how far attained none but our readers can determine. In the first place, we have tried to put into the hands of casual readers some small amount of general, and historical, musical information. In many instances, this is only to be obtained from somewhat inaccessible and voluminous books; in all, it requires a certain amount of research, for which some persons possess no opportunity, while many more are disinclined for it. In the second place, our endeavour has been, to try and stir up some little interest in English things musical, of the past. The worship of any production, rather than our own, in music, as in other matters, borders on an affectation, for which we can only account by considering it a tide of reaction against John Bullism, an equally offensive insular trait. But can there be no happy medium? May we not treat our own musical possessions, with at any rate a just and discriminating sense of fairness? Surpass the madrigals, or even the anti-madrigals, with their foreign compeers, out-rival Purcell's "Bell" anthem with a piece of continental church music of the same date and proportions, but until then, give your musical ancestors their due reverence and respect.

It is within every one's power to contribute his or her mite towards a worthy object, and in our opinion "a good song is worth the hearing." Let us then obtain a more frequent hearing for our beautiful English music, and redouble our efforts towards forwarding its reproduction. Such a result from these papers is the utmost hoped for by the present writer, who believes firmly that without enthusiasm, nothing genuine is accomplished in art, and who would not, "for the whole world, renounce a humble share in Music."

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

THE END.

Sorcery and Superstition in New Guinea.

IT is not too much to say that nearly every action of a Papuan's life is regulated to some extent by superstition. He believes in ghosts, he believes in witchcraft, and he believes, until events occur to shake his belief, in the sorcerers who profess to be able to raise the one and control the other. The number of spirits he believes in is quite enormous, as not only has his own tribe one complete lot, to be propitiated or cursed as occasion may demand, but every other tribe has also a duplicate set, and the white man, of course, has a new and awful species of which he professes to know nothing.

In dealings with these people, promises are broken and carefully laid plans are upset in a moment by any slight contretemps which may occur, as it is ascribed by them to the malignant influence of the white man's spirit. Much as they curse the white man's devil at times, I imagine I have cursed theirs just as often and with equal good-will. The white man is held to be responsible for any accident which may happen to a native, while in his service, and the unfortunate stranger has to pay heavily, or trouble is the result.

It happened to me not long ago, to be in want of several men who spoke the language and knew the people of Moresby Island. The Moresby Island people had murdered six Chinamen, and it was necessary to give them the chance of coming to terms before proceeding to extremities. At my request a chief in Hayter Island, called Peter by us, and six of his men consented to go. Three times they landed and held communication with the natives. On the first two occasions they were quite successful in their negotiations, as they brought me off some of the Chinamen's skulls

and rifles which had been seized. The third time, as bad luck would have it, one of our troublesome spirits, so Peter assured me, must come and interfere, with the result that one man was speared in the side and leg, and his friends got him off to the ship with difficulty. To make matters worse, a few days afterwards I landed Peter at his own village, and then he found that during his absence one of his daughters had died, and that his wife was ill. This also was laid to my charge, I suppose on the assumption that I should have kept this white man's devil in better order, and Peter had to be heavily paid before he would be appeased. If I had not done so, it might have had the effect of making a previously friendly people hostile to us. Of course all the relations of the wounded man insisted on payment, as that misfortune was also laid at my door. This will serve to give a slight idea of the difficulties to be contended with when superstition is thrown into the scale.

A curious instance came under my notice not long ago of the sacred importance attached to the heavy grass-petticoat worn by the women. A party of ten, Slade Island men, started on a trading voyage to a village in Milne Bay, on the mainland of New Guinea. They had often traded there before, and anticipated no danger. They had started at an inauspicious time, however, as an old woman, the night previous to their departure, had dreamed a dream, and warned them against going. On their arrival in Milne Bay they were received in an apparently friendly manner, but at a given signal the whole party, with the exception of one young man and a little boy, were treacherously tomahawked. The young man escaped, and was subsequently taken to his home by me after he had been undergoing for a week the process of fattening for eating. The boy was, however, to have been killed with the others, in spite of the prayers and tears of the women. When they found that these were of no avail, they took off their petticoats and flung them over the boy's body, and there was not a man there who would have dared to so much as touch him while under this protection. As soon as the first excitement of the men had worn off and the women dared to resume their clothes, it was decided that this boy should be adopted by the tribe. When I arrived some weeks after this occurrence at Slade Island I found the men there were very anxious to revenge the murder of their friends, but they could not start a fighting expedition till their spirits were favourable.

As the tribe they had to fight was a very strong one, they had to get allies from South Cape and other places, and these people would also have to wait for the same purpose, so that it seemed probable that a considerable amount of time would be wasted, till three or four distinct lots of spirits could be induced to make up their minds at the same time. It is at these times that the sorcerers come to the fore. Their opinions would be taken by their tribes as to what was the proper time to start; and professional rivalry would certainly prevent a Slade Island and a South Cape sorcerer from agreeing too quickly. Eventually no doubt the matter would be "squared" between them, but of course, if the expedition met with disaster or defeat, each individual sorcerer would lay the blame on his colleagues, and would assign quite satisfactory reasons for so doing.

In a little book of mine, I lately went at some length into the habits and character of the sorcerers of the Pacific Islands, and though I am now confining myself to the Islands of New Guinea, I do not know that the black art here is very different from that practised in the Solomons and elsewhere. Without repetition, however, there are a few traits in the character of these savages which I have not mentioned before which may prove of interest. I find the following passage in one of my journals:—

"The old sorcerer of the Koitapu tribe, at Chalmers' * request, dug up the other day what has always been looked on as one of the most powerful of their spirits. It consisted of a fragment of pottery, and two small round stones from the river, apparently iron nodes. He did it with great reluctance. The Motu people were disgusted when they saw it, and said, 'is this what we have been paying our best arm-shells and tomahawks for, for so many years?' It produced rain and abundant crops, and had had very many presents made it for many generations. In the morning of the next day the old sorcerer came to Chalmers, and said the spirit had appeared to him while he slept, and was very angry, and put two more stones on his chest, and told him to bury them again. Chalmers upon this took those two stones also, and told him if the spirit appeared again, that he was to say he wished to have nothing more to do with him. The old man said some great piece of bad luck was sure to happen to his tribe, and was not at all pleased. He then tried to get some pity from the Motu tribe, but they were all glad to see so great a tax as this had been to them

* Of the London Missionary Society.

removed. Chalmers had not expected to find anything at all there in the ground."

It was probably the case in this instance that the sorcerer himself did not know what was buried in the ground, and as this was a very old spirit and had become a sort of heirloom in his family, he probably believed in it as much as any of his dupes. The Motu tribe, whose head-quarters are at Port Moresby, have come so much under the influence of the London Missionary Society, that they are discarding to a great extent their superstitions. In any other tribe, so great a sacrilege as digging up a spirit all-powerful for producing rain and crops would not have been permitted. But even the Motuans, the most civilized people in New Guinea, and most of them professed Christians, in times of great excitement revert to their old habits. This was shown during the autumn of 1886. At that time a severe epidemic raged along the south coast. The people were dying in hundreds of pneumonia, and were beside themselves with fear. The usual remedies for driving away spirits at night were tried, remedies which had been in disuse for years. Torches were burnt, horns were blown, and the hereditary sorcerers sat up all night cursing, but still the people died. Then it was decided that the land spirits were working this harm, and the whole population moored their canoes out in the bay, and slept in them at night; but still the people died. Then they returned to their village and fired arrows at any moving objects they saw, so that many native dogs came to an untimely end. Mr. Lawes, junior, who had to pass through the village every night at about 10 P.M., was begged by the natives always to wear white clothes, so that they might know he was not a spirit. If he had failed to do this he might possibly have been shot by mistake. It will be observed by this that the native ghost is black. In time the epidemic wore itself out, but while it lasted the civilized Motuans were as superstitious as any of their neighbours could have been.

It sometimes happens that a sorcerer makes use of his power for his own evil ends, and then the sacred character of his office proves to be insufficient to protect him. But these cases are uncommon, as the sorcerer, with all his imposture, generally recognizes in his own mind the fact that he is an imposition, and in his prophecies he takes very good care that there should be a loophole for escape in the not improbable event of his prediction not being fulfilled.

One curious feature in connection with the sorcerers is the sale and issue of their charms. These charms are not modelled on any fixed principle, but depend entirely on the fancy of their designer. They are considered sufficiently valuable to be a source of great profit to their maker, but I have never found any difficulty in buying them from natives. I suppose they are easily renewed. The natives do not of their own accord show them to you or offer them for sale, but nearly every man carries a netted bag on his shoulder, and if you take the trouble to overhaul this, after extracting a heterogeneous mixture of old match-boxes, clay pipes, odds and ends of all sorts, you will find the charms at the bottom. Sometimes there will be a dozen of them, from the bit of bark with a few threads of sinnet round it, a cheap charm, I should think, to the beautifully worked little crab claws arranged in every fantastic design. No two are found precisely similar; some are intended to ensure safety against shipwreck; others against spear wounds; others again, provide a complete immunity against accidents of all sorts. In fact there is no end to them. The sorcerer might almost occupy the position held by the more civilized insurance company, and with even greater profits, for while he issues policies of assurance in the form of crabs' claws and pieces of bark, he incurs no responsibility except a possible loss of credit, and the chance of some angry creditor taking the law into his own hands.

One attribute he possesses must not be lost sight of. He is doctor and surgeon, as well as sorcerer. His surgery is of an elementary character. It is always supposed that if a man is suffering pain from any cause whatever, that it can be let out by making a long incision over the abdomen. It is obvious that this cannot be a very safe remedy, as the incision is not infrequently sufficiently deep to cause death in itself. Some time ago I saw a woman, the wife of a native teacher, who had been badly speared during an attack on the teacher's boat. She was the only survivor of the party, and although her wounds were severe, by far the worst one she had, had been inflicted by the hand of a native doctor, in the form of a long and much too deep cut over the abdomen.

The superstitions of the Papuans can hardly be said to resemble any form of religion. As far as I know, all their spirits are malignant ones, which have to be overcome either by hard cursing or propitiatory offerings. It seems entirely foreign to

the native mind ever to have conceived the idea of a beneficent spirit. In the characters they ascribe to their spirits they unconsciously reproduce their own nature; the spirits employ the same treacherous artifices, and have to be overcome by the same cunning which they themselves would employ with their earthly neighbours. In fact they are illogical to a degree in speaking of the spirits, whom they believe to be intangible and supernatural, and yet assert that they can kill with arrows and spears. Although they fear them intensely, yet they do not hesitate to employ language which no spirit with any self-respect could tolerate for a moment. Fire is the great purifier and the terror of spirits, but while they admit that they can drive them away with bonfires and torches, they do not seem to have any spirit of the fire, possibly because he would almost assume a beneficent character in ridding them of the others. Hereditary spirits, which afflict whole tribes from generation to generation, seem to be not uncommon, but as a general rule each man creates his own bogies for himself, and there is no law restricting the number an individual is allowed to have. Conscience, I think, troubles them but little, and a man is seldom haunted by the recollection of former misdeeds. The fact of a man having some near relation's skull exposed in a conspicuous position opposite his front door, would cause him no pangs of regret, nor is it likely that his defunct relative's shade would ever reproach him with having annexed his head in a somewhat arbitrary manner. Crime with them implies no loss of self-respect, but merely the fear of retaliation and personal danger to themselves.

One way in which sorcerers occasionally come to grief is not very uncommon. This is when a tribe possesses two rival conjurors. They will try every artifice to secure each to himself the greatest custom, and will undersell each other to obtain their object. There must be some form of understanding, however, between rival conjurors, or they could never preserve the secrets of their trade, and those once gone, so would their occupation be likewise. They have their familiars, or spirits, who belong to themselves alone. On more than one occasion I have heard the sorcerer speaking to his familiar in a little squeaking voice. The familiar, and indeed all spirits when they speak, appear to imitate the squeaky voice of some small animal, and are answered in the same manner. During voyages the canoes will stop at certain localities; a great drumming, burning of torches,

and cursing will go on, to either frighten or drive away the local spirit. As a general rule, before the canoe resumes its journey, some member of the crew will assert that he saw the hostile spirit fly away in the form of a flying fox, or some other nightly animal.

Even amongst members of the same tribe a man may compass the death of another by paying the sorcerer to slowly kill him. The methods employed are much the same, I fancy, in every savage community in the world. If the cuttings of the victim's hair can be obtained and are buried, he will surely die; but every man takes care to destroy for himself such dangerous things as these. In default of this, the refuse of his meals, buried in the ground, will have a most unwholesome effect. Some kind friends will be sure to tell him of the secret influence at work against him, and unless he buys off the sorcerer, or takes the law into his own hands, a thing he hardly dare do in his own tribe, he will in course of time be so worked on by his feelings that he will undoubtedly die. The sorcerer seems to be quite impartial as to the subject upon whom he brings his power to bear. He requires prepayment, but having received this, he goes to work quite as cheerfully on one of his own tribe as upon a stranger. With him it is purely a matter of business. When the rest of his tribe are fighting, he is very often excused from taking part in the fray, as it is considered that he is of more use at home than he would be in the field. Besides, by the time his reputation is secure he is usually a very old man, and would not be of much use in active warfare. The sorcerers combine a certain amount of astronomy with their other pursuits, but they are not nearly such keen observers of the stars as the Fijians or Solomon Islanders. Of course, as they have to produce fine weather or rain at will, it is not unnatural that they should study the signs of the weather closely.

The great difficulty in the way of writing accurately about native superstitions is the disinclination on the men's part to talk of them. They have a scared look on their faces when questioned, and the information has to be dragged out of them bit by bit. If they should fancy they are ill after a conversation of this sort, which they very probably will do, they are sure to lay the blame at the door of the inquisitive white man.

It has been a common enough plan for white traders to gain their ends by working on native superstition, and frightening

them into doing work they would have preferred not to do. Occasionally, no doubt, this might be useful, but as a rule I should say it was an unsafe proceeding. When I was in New Ireland, in 1883, I might quite easily have performed the miracle which Mr. Haggard causes to be performed in his book, 'King Solomon's Mines,' namely, by foretelling an eclipse of the sun. Mr. Besant also, in one of his books, makes a German professor perform this wonder, the scene on that occasion being oddly enough laid in New Ireland. I had with me a Nautical Almanack with a map of the line of eclipse, and by this I saw that the northern end of New Ireland was on the line of partial contact. It would have been a dangerous experiment to try, and besides, I could not have produced a total eclipse.

The native mind is very susceptible to ridicule, and if I once laughed at a man whom I had persuaded to confide in me, good bye to my chance of getting any more information out of him. My best plan was to listen to the men talking to themselves round a camp fire, under which circumstances they speak quite openly upon all sorts of sacred subjects. I heard not long ago that the people of a village in Milne Bay, who had been doing a good deal of work for a certain white man, had sworn in consequence of several cases of illness in the village to smoke no more white man's tobacco till they had procured a white man's head. They thought that a white man's devil was responsible for the sickness, and that nothing but a head could frighten it away.

I have never made up my mind whether anything of the nature of transmigration of souls is believed in. There was certainly a very large alligator at South Cape which was known to the natives, and called by the name of a defunct chief; but this in itself would be hardly sufficient to prove it. They seem to believe in something like the soul, but if the native soul is in the habit of entering into the lower animals, they must as a rule be small animals they patronise, as whenever they hold conversation with the living, they speak, as I have said, in a small whistling voice. The habit too of drumming and burning torches on the death of a relative seems to imply that they are sending the departed soul safely off on its journey. In some of the Louisiade group there are certain very large well-known trees, under which the natives have their feasts. These trees appear to be credited with possessing souls, as a portion of the feast is set aside for them, and bones, both of pigs and human, are everywhere deeply embedded in their branches.

It is certain that the souls of murdered men are constantly haunting their skulls. I had a short time ago two skulls sent me which I had demanded of the natives of Moresby Island. They had to pass throughout the whole length of two large islands before they reached me, and wherever they went they were supposed to have caused sickness and death. It is true they had for some four months adorned the houses of the murderers without producing evil results, but when the white man insisted on having them, they considered that the white spirits were constantly hovering round them and working destruction wherever they rested.

I have continually seen a man's widows for days after his death lying on the top of the grave and keeping up a rapid conversation with him for hours at a time, till they stopped from exhaustion. A man's soul after death will haunt the places to which he was most attached on earth. There seems to be no one locality in which they all live, but there are certain localities in the bush, which, for instance, a widow will know to be frequented by her husband's shade. When a man dies, his friends often put food in the grave with him, so that wherever he may be going, he shall suffer no inconvenience from hunger. It is a matter of doubt whether any actual mythology exists.

At all times in dealing with savage races, it is most difficult to decide where history ends and mythology commences. Native memories, especially Papuan memories, are short, and I should imagine one hundred years to be the utmost limit of time from which any events of importance have been handed down as matters of history. I have made repeated enquiries on this subject, and have never been able to learn anything satisfactory. The actual history of some people, the Fijians, Maoris, &c., can be traced back nearly three hundred years, at least the chiefs can tell you who their ancestors were as far back as that. Here it is different. A man can perhaps tell you his great-grandfather's name, but further back than that he cannot go.

In the South-Eastern Archipelago dances are very rare, nor have I ever seen them. Such dances as there are, have been described to me as only performed after a feast. No superstitious importance is attached to them, and the details do not bear repetition. But to the westward, in the Gulf of Papua, symbolical dances are constantly performed, and much superstitious importance surrounds them. Each man is dressed to represent some bird or fish, and the dresses they appear in are constructed

with marvellous ingenuity. The shark is a very favourite symbol, as are also wild ducks and geese. No doubt each man in selecting his dress to dance in, is paying a tribute to the bird or fish in whose image he presents himself. The shark has ferocity and cunning; the wild duck swift flight and watchfulness; the cassowary strength and speed of foot; one could go on multiplying endless instances. But the people of the Papuan Gulf are as distinct from the inhabitants of the South-Eastern Islands, as both races are to the people who dwell on the North-West coast and in Gulvink Bay.

Lest I should become tedious on the subject, I will sum up briefly the result of my observations. Superstition and sorcery are such important matters in all dealings with natives, that they should always be taken into account, in the formation of plans in which you are dependent upon such people. The best-laid schemes may, and often do, entirely collapse through some unforeseen and therefore unreckoned on piece of superstition. Sometimes indeed mere physical fear will be represented as superstitious disinclination to do the white man's bidding. It is impossible for the most experienced white man to follow correctly the native train of thought, but his face is usually a good index to his feelings. They will usually follow a gun or even a revolver anywhere, as they imagine the noise and flash frightens the spirits while the bullet kills the man. I have often been asked to fire off a gun to frighten away spirits. Superstition is a constant source of annoyance, for the native spirits are always in the way, and the white man's spirits are of very little practical use to him. It is too deeply planted in native natures to be got rid of even under the teaching and influence of the missionaries. It does occasionally, however, exert itself for good, as in the case already related of the boy who was saved by the petticoats of the women. It is so foreign to the ideas of white men, that it cannot be wondered at if they sometimes unintentionally offend prejudices and have to suffer the consequences of their inexperience. There is no doubt that if superstition could be eradicated from the native mind, all intercourse could be carried on in a much safer and more agreeable manner than it is at present.

H. H. ROMILLY.

A Good Old Family.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE had gone to sleep intending to leave early next morning, but a message was brought to him that Lady Mary had one of her most miserable headaches, and hoped he would stay another day, so as to be able to talk with her over things which had not been properly settled the night before. He was standing at the window reading the pencilled scrap from his mother, when Marcia entered the breakfast room.

"Poor Aunt Mary is so ill! I have been to her room, but she cannot lift her head from the pillow. There is nothing to be anxious about, as you know; but this neuralgia seems to knock her down completely while it lasts."

"It is unfortunate, for I wanted to finish some business we had not time for last night, and I ought to go back to-day," George said.

"Oh, not to-day! Let us have one whole long day's pleasure. You shall go to-morrow, George; spare me just one day out of your life."

Marcia had risen as she spoke, and stood with both hands spread out before her in a half-imploring, half-commanding attitude. She looked less ill than the night before; her eyes were shining, and her whole bearing was more animated.

"Well then, if fate will have it so," George replied. "What are we to do with our day?" He spoke lightly, as if trying to persuade himself and her that the whole arrangement was a matter of no moment, but his heart gave a bound as she turned a radiant face towards him.

"George," she said, "George, I knew it! I knew something would bring you to me. I dreamt of you, dear, so vividly, that I knew I should see you soon. When I woke in the morning I could not shake off my dream; it haunted me all through the day; it was that dream which tired me so yesterday. I could

not tell it was coming true so quickly. All day the dream went with me; I lived in the power of it, and when your telegram came, I knew it had been ordained." Her voice sank as she concluded her sentence, and the strange, intensified, far-off expression died out of her eyes.

"Come," she said, changing her tone, "we must not lose our day—my one day of joy. We will ride, the rides here are lovely."

Marcia was a beautiful horsewoman, and loved the wild charm of a gallop over the downs. On horseback she looked again like the young girl George had known and loved years ago; her paleness gone, her animation returned; her laugh gay and joyous as of yore. For hours and hours they rode along together, with no thought save that of present enjoyment, until at last George began to think it was time to return home.

"Oh, we are not really far from home, my cautious cousin; I have been leading you round in a circle, as you don't know the country; half an hour's canter at any time will take us back. Look there," she said, pointing with her whip to a wood at no great distance; "the house is there; let us steeple-chase home."

They set off; both were well-mounted, and the obstacles were not very alarming. Knowledge of the country gained the race for Marcia, and she jumped off her horse at the hall-door before George was there to help her.

"It is long past lunch-time, will your ladyship have tea now?" said the pompous butler as he met them at the door. The brightness had died from her face and had been succeeded by a look of pain, as Marcia walked up the rather long flight of steps in front of the house. She turned to George.

"Tell him what you would like," she said. "I am tired, I must rest till dinner," and with a little wave of her hand, but with no backward look, she left him.

George lighted a cigar, and sat down to collect his thoughts. He had deliberately given up struggling, and thrown care and prudence to the winds. "For this one day," he said to himself, "I shall do what comes uppermost. It's a dreary thing to be always considering the future; for this once I shall please myself and her. I didn't want to come here, I did my very best to keep away; but now that fate has dragged me here, I will for this one day do just what pleases her."

Dinner was over; the servants had handed the coffee, and

Marcia sat with George at the open window, listening to the birds as they settled down for their short summer night's sleep. There were no lights in the room ; the evening hush was settling down on trees and birds and breezes.

They hardly spoke ; sitting there so close together, watching the clouds as the colour in them faded and died in the darkness, and listening to the last murmurs of the falling wind amongst the branches. The heavy night-scent of flowers floated in at the window ; and the sound of the river seemed to them like a strange, sad, relentless, rushing force, bearing with it in pitiless power their life and all their being.

"Do you like to hear the river?" Marcia said. "I could not live without it, and yet it is sometimes more than I can bear."

"Dear ! I cannot bear to hear you speak so sadly," George said. "Will you not tell me a little of how things have been with you ? You are so changed, so changed—I cannot bear to see you ;" and as he spoke, George took both her cold hands into his strong warm grasp, and held them tenderly.

"Oh ! if I might tell you ! But I will—I must ; it was meant, George, or I never should have had that dream. Listen ! I dreamt you were coming to me ; I dreamt you took me in your arms, and you loved me. I felt your kisses on my mouth and eyes—and I awoke. But still I felt that you were there, dear ! because I wanted you so—I did so want you !"

"My poor Marcia ! my poor Marcia !" and George gently and tenderly drew her nearer to him. "Tell me all about it—tell me everything that helps you. Tell me first," he said, gently touching her hand, "why you wear no wedding-ring ? I have often wondered."

Marcia sprang to her feet, and stood before him, drawn to her fullest height. "Tell you—" she said—"why I have no wedding-ring ? tell you the story of that night ? oh, my God !" and she lifted her lovely arms to her head, "when I think of that night !"

Hoarsely George whispered, as he too rose and came nearer, gazing at her with a world of love in his eyes, "Tell me, Marcia."

"You know how and why I married him—that creature, I told you that before ;" her voice trembled as she spoke ; "but I never told any one, no one knows the life we led together—yes, together," and she shuddered, "for that awful year. I cannot tell even you about that, but I can tell you of

how the end came; and how in one of those awful fits of passion, howling out curses on life, on me, on all things sacred, he fell—struck down at my feet, struck down in the midst of his own evil fury, of his own vile thoughts. They came hurrying in; and they sent for a doctor; he said it was a stroke, brought on—the servants told, not I—by his mad passion. All that afternoon they watched him. They said—I can feel it all even now—they said ‘perhaps he would not die.’ And when I heard that, I went away alone, and I knelt and prayed, as I never prayed before—I prayed that my husband should die. Yes, turn away from me,” she panted; “think of me as a murderess. It is right, it is just, for my prayer was heard, and in the night they came to tell me he was dead!”

Marcia stopped; her whole body was quivering with excitement, and her eyes fixed as if they still saw the terrible scene. George would have spoken, but she waved him aside, and went breathlessly on.

“And then I saw this ring, this hateful sign of my degradation, the one last link to all that horror lying dead in the room above; and it came to me that I must away with it; but I could find no place—no place where they might not have found and brought it to me again. Then I heard the river. Listen! It spoke to me as it is speaking now; it said, ‘come to me, come to me, and be at peace.’ It wasn’t that river, George, don’t look at it like that; it was down at his big place—I have never been there since—and like a hunted thing I flew from the house, and down and down the black old yew path, past the churchyard to the river. It was so dark, so cold; it was winter time, and the clouds were flying over the moon. Sometimes it was bright, like day, and all the shadows seemed to jump and point at me; and sometimes it was so dark, I could not tell which way to go except by the sound of the river. At last I stood on the edge, and I tore off that ring and threw it far into the rushing water; and something came to me then—sometimes I think it was an angel, George, for I had thought I would follow that ring—and it whispered ‘Freedom and peace’ in my ear, and I went back to the house, and, wasn’t it strange? I fell asleep and forgot he was dead, forgot I was married, forgot everything except that I was free and happy once again.”

As she finished speaking, Marcia sank down upon the sofa. The excitement had so far carried her on, but now the horror of all that past time seemed to close round and clasp her in its

awful remembrance. She buried her face in one of the cushions and sobbed out, "What must you think of so wicked a creature as I am? Oh, if only I had gone with my ring, it would have been all over now!"

"Marcia, Marcia! my love, my poor love! you shall not speak like this. Look up, darling, and see how I love you!" and as he spoke, George lifted her in his strong tender arms.

"Do you really love me, or is it pity? Oh, George, life is too hard for me to bear! I cannot live without love—I thought I could!" she said, sobbing as if her heart would break. "I thought I would be happy after he died; but no, I am too wicked to be happy! Do you know, I have tried so hard," she said piteously. "I thought I could force myself to be good; but it was all no use—no use, dear! I am no use to any one, or to myself."

"You shall not speak like this, Marcia," George said, trying to be firm, as he knelt beside her. "This has all been too much for you. You must rest, darling! and to-morrow you may tell me what more you wish."

"To-morrow? You are going away to-morrow, and I shall never see you again. No," and she lifted her face to his, "we must say everything to-night, good-bye and all. Never again," she murmured, "this horrible pain!"

Her face turned an even more deathlike shade than before, and she seemed with difficulty to raise her arms to put round his neck. The sleeves fell back up to the shoulder, and George could not but see how thin they were.

"I have so little more to say, dear!" she whispered. "I think you understand it all now. Kiss me just this once, George, this one last time. Never forget—never forget me quite," she faltered, almost inaudibly,—“but I know you never will.”

George lifted her face to his, and set a long kiss upon the tender quivering mouth. "Good-night!" he murmured hoarsely. "I can bear no more—it is all too much," and as he spoke, the last words ended in a sob.

"Good-night—good-bye, my own old love! I shall never see you again, though you may see me." She turned as she left the room, and looked at him as if she longed to take with her an eternal remembrance of the dear face.

George never forgot her look as she stood there, all shaken and trembling, in the fast falling darkness. Her white face seemed to gleam out of the shadow as if it had already caught

some ray of morning light, and all the rest was in darkness. Before he had time to realize what had passed, and what words she had used, the closing door told him she was gone. With her departure came the reaction ; the need for self-restraint was over, and George, strong man as he was, laid his head down on the cushion where Marcia had so lately rested, and wept like a child for the pain and the sorrow that he and Marcia had passed through that night.

CHAPTER IX.

Slowly, wearily, and painfully Marcia dragged herself upstairs to her own bedroom. The uncurtained window stood open, and the moonlight was feebly struggling with banks of black clouds. The air was heavy and full of electricity, and now and again distant peals of thunder made themselves faintly heard.

"This pain, this weary pain," she murmured, as she sank upon her bed. "I do not know rightly where the ache is worst, in heart, or head, or side ;" and she passed her hand over her forehead and let it drop wearily by her side. "Perhaps it will be better when I am undressed."

She got up slowly, and began to undo her dress. By-and-by she lighted a candle, and looked at herself long and fixedly in the great looking-glass on the wall.

"No wonder he thought me changed, I look so wild and strange ;" and indeed she did look weird and ghastly, standing there, holding up one flickering candle, her long dark hair hanging round her nearly to the ground, and the moonlight on the floor bathing her feet. The candle dropped from her trembling hand as another spasm of pain ran through her side.

"I must take something to still this awful pain—something to make me sleep ; I cannot bear it !" she groaned. "I wonder where my new medicine is—that stuff I sent for. I cannot light that candle again ; I do not want to catch sight of my gruesome self in the glass. I think I know whereabouts it is"—groping about in semi-darkness amongst the bottles on her dressing-table. "I wonder what the dose is ?" she went on, as she got slowly into bed. "I suppose just the same as all the others. Oh ! my heart—this awful pain !"

Until the worst was over she lay back, faintly breathing, on her pillows ; then, raising her hand, she stretched it out to the

table beside her bed, and took from it a little crystal case set round with pearls, which she kissed tenderly, and laid under her cheek on the pillow. Then she uncorked the bottle, and by the faint light of the moon she poured some of its contents into a glass.

"It smells odd, this stuff," she thought. "What if I should never wake again? What could it matter? It would be such rest, such peace, such freedom from all pain—and I am so young! I shall perhaps live such a weary long time, with nothing and no one to love me. Would George be sorry, I wonder, if they came to him in the morning and said 'Marcia is dead!'? Oh, yes, I know he would!" and the weary eyes filled with tears. "But it would not last; he has Sylvia—he would be happy soon, and he does not really want me. Does God want me, I wonder? Or will He be angry with His poor tired child? I must take my medicine now, and go to sleep before the pain returns."

Marcia drank her portion quickly.

"Ah, I hope it is strong enough—I hope I shall have sleep and peace and no more pain. What is it the words say?" she murmured drowsily, as her head sank sideways on the pillow, her mouth almost touching the little case—"those kind words—

"Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.'

And I am there," she breathed, as with a quiet smile she sank to sleep.

* * * * *

CHAPTER X.

"Oh, George!" exclaimed Sylvia, "is that you? I'm so glad you've returned. I found this funny little locket-looking thing to-day in your bureau whilst I was hunting for a receipt of that horrid Madame Trophère's bill, which she says I've never paid, I am sure I have, only I can't find the receipt. What is this?" and as she spoke, Sylvia held out a pearl-set crystal case. "It has hair in it, and a little withered yellow thing like the leaf of a flower, and some odd words engraved on it."

"What on earth do you poke about amongst my things for?" George said roughly; "give it to me, it is no concern of yours."

"George, why do you speak so crossly? I didn't 'poke,' I

just found it, and I only want to know what it is, and where you got it? I don't want to keep the stupid little thing? Why have I never seen it before?"

"I almost wish you had not seen it now, but perhaps it is better so—you have a right to know. Dear," George continued, stooping over her chair from behind and speaking very gently but with evident effort, "this belonged to poor Marcia. It was found in her hand when she died."

"Marcia!—well! but even if so, why have you got it? I've read the words on it about 'angels' and 'flying;' I wonder whose hair it was, and what it all means, that queer little leaf and all? Do you know?" As Sylvia concluded she looked up rather curiously at her husband.

"Sylvia," he said, "my dear little wife—I have often thought I ought to tell you about this, but—, well I just couldn't. It was all too fresh in my mind. She is dead—and I hoped—I thought the story with all its sorrow might die too, might be buried with her; but it seems that nothing—no deed, or action, or emotion can ever quite be blotted out and done with. Sylvia," he continued hoarsely, kneeling as he spoke by his wife's knee—"the hair is my hair, and the locket was Marcia's."

"George, what can you mean?" Sylvia pushed her husband from her side as they both rose and stood fronting each other. "Did you give that locket to Marcia?"

"No—I did not know she possessed it—until after she was dead—but I did know just before she died—how can I say it, Sylvia?—forgive me, my wife, and try to understand—I did know that Marcia cared for me."

"That she cared—and *you*, what was she to you?" Sylvia's eyes flashed, and her hands were tightly clenched together.

"I cannot tell—I do not understand, it was a fascination, a glamour. My wife, do not make me say more; I have so often longed that you should know, only there was so little I could say. It all passed so quickly, and I did not even understand myself. Only this,—I know that you are my own dear wife, and that my poor cousin Marcia is dead."

"And that leaf? I want to understand everything."

"I think it is a magnolia leaf, she was so fond of the flower."

"And you gave it her!" It was the last touch, and Sylvia, bursting into a passion of tears, threw herself on to the sofa.

"No—I did not, Sylvia," George said, once more kneeling as

he spoke by her side. "Try to forgive. It is all dead and gone, anything that could have hurt you is over."

She threw her arms around his neck, sobbing. "I know I cannot really be jealous of a dead woman ; you are mine, and she is in her grave. You must have loved me best, for you saw her first, and yet you married me. Keep the locket, George darling—I do not mind, for she is dead, and you are quite my very own husband. Poor Marcia—she was so unhappy !"

Sylvia, as she spoke, smiled through her tears, as she looked up lovingly at her husband.

He took her sweet little face into both his hands and kissed it tenderly. "Thank you, my darling little wife ; you are generous and true-hearted as ever. If you knew the relief it is to me that now no secret lies between us!—but," he continued, and his already grave face seemed to grow still sadder, "we will never speak of this again ; it is all too sad, too terrible, and it happened too lately for us to think of it calmly. You are sure you do not mind my keeping this ?" As he spoke he put the crystal case into Sylvia's hand.

"No, dear, of course not, now that I know all about it. Marcia would have liked you to keep it, I am sure," and with these words Sylvia slipped the locket into George's hand and left the room.

Months had passed away since Marcia's funeral. Sylvia, tired of her German watering-place, and not quite satisfied with Lady Katharine's ways and behaviour, had returned to her husband. They had visited various friends, and tried to get rid of that time which hangs so heavily on the hands of those who have no settled home and no definite occupation, and who yet are young, strong, and full of vital force.

After a short time they had both got tired of living in other people's houses, and one of their friends had told them of a watering-place on the Scotch coast which he recommended as possessing every delight and luxury which the world could give. Not knowing what to do with themselves, and having no plans of any kind, they had taken his advice, and had now been lodging at Clamborough for some little time.

It was a hot day, with a high wind, and Sylvia had been out shopping. She had come home cross, with her eyes and mouth full of dust, or, as she called it, "paving-stones," and her hair even rougher than she intended, for at one of the corners of which the town seemed composed the wild east wind had

seized her in its clutches, torn off her pretty Paris hat, blown it down the street, and bound her petticoats tightly round her, so as to prevent all pursuit. She was sitting at the window gazing discontentedly into the dull little street, over the top of a wire-gauze blind, and across what the landlady dignified by the name of the "garden."

"As if a pocket-handkerchief of sand, with a pansy in one corner and a half-dead chrysanthemum in the other, could be called a garden!" Sylvia indignantly remarked. "I wouldn't have gone out in this horrid wind at all," she said, as George entered the room, and looked inquiringly at the wind-blown, flushed face which greeted him, "but if I didn't we'd get no dinner at all. I never saw such extraordinary shops," she went on; "unless you rush out the minute you've swallowed breakfast, everything is wolfed up. There's nothing, absolutely nothing, except legs of beef, and things like that, which nobody wants. And then the shop-people say, 'Here's a beautiful fish!' and if you look at it, and say you'll take it, they just laugh, and hide it away, and tell you it's going to Mrs. So-and-so, who has got a party! Oh, you may laugh, George, but it just makes me wild! Everything in the shops after ten o'clock in the morning belongs to somebody else," said Sylvia, solemnly. "Then if you wait for something else to come, and go later, all the shop-people have gone away to dinner. It's just the queerest place I ever saw—and the nastiest," she added, with a little peevish sigh.

"Do you dislike it so very much, dear?"

"Oh yes, don't you? What there is to like about it I don't see. It's windy, and dusty, and hot and cold both, and there's no shade, no trees, no flowers, no public gardens, no band, no promenade, no—anything. It's neither town nor country. I think it just a horrid dull little hole, if you ask me," and Sylvia spoke most decidedly.

"There's the sea," George said, "that's what one comes to the seaside for, I suppose?"

"The sea! and what's the use of the sea without bathing-machines or even a pier? Besides, one can't get to the sea if one wants to ever so much, without wading through a dirty little river, and then you've got to cross that horrid bit of green where they play with those sticks and balls. Oh no! don't talk to me about the sea—it's not a proper sea at all."

"Well, I'm not sure but that I'm of your opinion about the

place," George said, getting up and stretching his arms wearily over his head. "I fail to see why Macgregor sent us here, and spoke of it as another Eden. I suppose he was a golfer—they all seem mad about it; as I'm not, I confess I'm horribly bored. But where to go and what to do? that's the question."

"Yes, where to go? I am sure I don't know. Are we to take a house in London again this winter?"

"Well, if we do, dear, it must be a much cheaper one; you know how our bills ran up, and how much we spent."

"Do you not think we could go home?" Sylvia said. "I should love to see Beauchamp again."

George turned aside and spoke almost roughly. "Well, you know that was your doing, Sylvia, you found it dull. It's let now, and let, if you remember, to the Grants, with the power in their hands to buy it if they please. I can do nothing; they are masters there for the present."

"Oh, George, don't speak so crossly," Sylvia said, with a quiver in her voice. "I only thought it would be nicer at home, and quite as cheap as going about like this. Perhaps the Grants don't like it; do you know?"

"I know nothing about it; I told Johnstone not to worry me with hearing anything about the place except what was absolutely necessary. Now I think of it, I suppose I shall hear soon one way or other. I did not mean to be cross, dear," George said more gently, "but I cannot bear talking about the poor old place."

"Then you would go back if they left, would you?" Sylvia said eagerly.

"Go back? Yes, I should think I would! Do you suppose I like this sort of thing one bit better than you do?" He spoke shortly and abruptly, and murmuring something about an engagement with a fellow at the club, he left the house.

In these long, idle, useless days George tried his best to do what was right and kind; but the life was killing him, and the struggle to make occupation out of nothing was ruining his usually rather placid temper. All day long he was seen pretending to be happy and amused, but all day long he was really bored and miserable.

Sometimes, when the strain became too great, he strode off with his dog to a lonely part of the rocks where the sea came dashing in with great leaps and bounds, over yards of sunken rocks, and there he used to smoke pipe after pipe, and battle

with his thoughts. George hardly knew in these days how he felt, or what it was exactly that he wanted.

Sometimes, all unwittingly, some chance word in a commonplace conversation would jar on him so strongly, that he felt almost mad with the pain he bore in silence. All he had gone through had left an indelible impression on his character, though the traces of it were not to be seen by any but the closest observer.

As in some severe accident of which the wound heals up, and no outward sign is left to tell even those who knew of it that though the scar is healed, yet the place is raw and tender, and winces at the slightest touch, so was George's heart. Cunningly as he had concealed his suffering from the world, the traces of it, the effect on his character, would never altogether leave him.

It was not that he had loved poor Marcia as a man loves the one woman who could fill his life, and satisfy every want and every desire. In his heart George knew that Marcia never could have been that one perfect ideal woman to him ; but it was the sadness of it, the pity of it, the wasted possibilities of the young blasted life, the thought of which filled his soul with agony. He did not absolutely blame himself for all that was past ; he was too sensible, too clear-headed for that ; but still he knew, he felt how much her imagination had invested him with the glamour of a hopeless love, and that, but for this, she might have been a happier woman, possibly—though he hardly dared let himself think of it—have been living now, an honoured wife.

And then, when this last terrible thought came upon him, he would get up and take a long walk in hot haste, returning to their lodging only in time for dinner, tired out, listen to Sylvia's talk, and then to bed.

CHAPTER XI.

"Who could believe it was half-past ten in the morning ? This is quite unbearable !" George said, as Sylvia came into the dingy sitting-room of a small London private hotel. Breakfast was on the table, such a breakfast ! A doubtful fish, fried in a grease which was not doubtful in its rancid odour ; two poached eggs with yolks of the palest possible tinge of yellow, reposed on two sodden slices of thickly cut and rusty-looking bacon ; a few

pieces of half-burnt toast, a loaf of bread, a lump of butterine, and tea tasting of hay and water, in which a pale-blue liquid, yclept milk, refused to amalgamate, completed this appetising repast. A paraffin lamp dispensed its well-known smell over and above the rest of these unsavoury aromas, for a thick yellow fog, with more than its usual pea-soup consistency, seemed literally to fill the narrow street, and light and air were, for the time being, unknown quantities.

"Yes, it is too horrible," Sylvia replied, as she languidly lifted the teapot lid, and dropped it again with a sigh, before pouring out the tepid, flat-smelling liquid into thick earthenware cups. "I don't think I can eat any breakfast," she continued, pushing away the butter and bacon from under her nose as she spoke—"it's all so very nasty."

"Have you any letters?" she continued, "I've none, and it is so very dull. Kitty never finds time to come here now, and your mother is away, and I am so tired of London—so very very tired of it. Couldn't we go somewhere else, George?"

"How can we? Where are we to go to? We've tried most cheap places, and found them all much alike, and besides, you're not fit to knock about." George ended his sentence less gruffly than he had begun it.

It was hard on him to have to bear Sylvia's weariness as well as his own, for in reality things were better for her than they were for him. She spent long hours of happiness over sundry tiny garments, the pattern and shape of which were to her an endless amusement, and it was only when she was feeling low and ill that her spirits failed as they had done this morning. But with George it was not so; he could do nothing in London like other men, for most of his friends either had some definite employment for part of the day, or else had plenty of money to throw about and amuse themselves as best they pleased. Having neither of these resources, he found time hang very heavily on his hands.

The door opened, and a dirty German waiter, who looked, poor creature! as if he had been up all night, brought in, between a coal-black finger and thumb, a letter, which from its appearance had reposed for several hours in his greasy coat-pocket.

"Who is this from, I wonder?" George said, turning it round and round, and examining writing, seal, and finally post-mark before opening the envelope. The colour mounted into his face as he saw "*Beauchamp Abbey*" printed on the

paper. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "From Grant. Now we shall be put out of pain."

Sylvia started from her seat and leant over George, so as to read the contents of the letter with him.

"DEAR SIR,—All my life I have preferred dealing with principals; and therefore, though I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I write to you in preference to your agent, Mr. Johnstone. I regret to say that my wife and family do not find your place all that they had imagined and hoped, and therefore it will be out of my power to complete the purchase of it; although I must allow that I had made a movement towards this through your agent, and you will have some cause for disappointment. We find the house old, uncomfortable, and destitute of modern conveniences: such as gas, electric bells, fixed washing-apparatus, and many other smaller details which I need no longer trouble you with, but which in these days my wife thinks essential to comfort and well-being. The drains also (and this is a strong point, although I must confess we have been subjected to no inconvenience) are not made on the latest scientific principles. The trees and shrubs round the house are also too large and too plentiful, and the falling leaves in autumn leave a certain dampness, which my wife holds to be prejudicial to health. The distance from Church and railway make the place altogether unsuitable as a residence for those who desire to attend regularly to Church ordinances, or who have business in town. My daughters also complain of want of sufficient level ground for the formation of larger and better tennis-grounds. They inform me that, without this, no place can be considered as suitable for a private gentleman's residence. Under these circumstances, you will see the impossibility of my carrying out the proposed scheme for the purchase of Beauchamp Abbey. If agreeable to you, I would therefore be prepared to offer for that part of the estate lying near the county town, on which I would build myself a more suitable mansion. By this means I should possess myself and family of all the above-mentioned requisites, and I should also obtain advantages of society, which I find at present difficult, situated as we are at Beauchamp in the midst of the country wilds. Should this proposal be agreeable to you, I shall be happy to hear from you at an early date. In the meantime you will understand that I give up the tenancy and all claim to Beauchamp Abbey, and that I apply for the above lands in question.

"Believe me, sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN GRANT."

"Confound his impertinence!" George said, rising from his chair, and flinging the letter angrily on the table. "What cheek! So the old place isn't 'suitable for a private gentleman's residence'! I should like to know what the fellow wants!

what he means by writing to me like that?" and George looked indignantly at Sylvia, who had taken up the letter, and was reading it quietly to herself.

"George, dear, I think you are wrong about this. I don't think Mr. Grant means to be impertinent; and you know," she continued reflectively, "there is no gas, or electric bells, or things of that sort, and if the man's wife wants them, I really don't see why she shouldn't have them. It isn't as if the place belonged to her already, and she had to make the best of it."

"No, by Jove! it never shall!" George said, firing up again.

"But don't you think it would be rather a good plan to let him buy this outlying bit of property, and build any sort of house he liked upon it?" Sylvia looked at George rather timidly and anxiously. "And then, dear, couldn't we go back to Beauchamp?"

George did not speak for a minute, but stood looking round at the room, at the breakfast, out of the window into the yellow fog, and finally at the tired, white face of his wife. The colour flashed into his cheek, and the light into his eyes as he said: "You are right, little woman; you are quite right, as you generally are in these matters, and I am a fool. We'll sell him the land, and let him build a palace after his kind upon it; and hurrah for home once more!" He took Sylvia in his arms as he spoke, and kissed her.

"I have been thinking so much about it all, George. I think we could do with much less at Beauchamp, and live much more economically. If we didn't have so many visitors, but only people we liked, we needn't have all those servants. And if you worked the farm yourself, you could do away with that expensive bailiff, who robs you, I know. And oh! it *would* be nice to go home again. I am so tired of all this," she said, waving her hand round the room. "Anyhow, write to Mr. Grant, and see what he will do."

A few days after this conversation, George received another characteristic letter from Mr. Grant as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to buy from you the farm of Woodend at the price named by you, on which I intend to build. I must decline your offer of the three adjacent farms lying to the east of Woodend, as I do; not intend to purchase more arable land than I can keep and manage in my own hands, land, except as a luxury, being at this present time an unprofitable investment. At the same time, as I have sons who are addicted to field sports, I would offer you a reasonable

sum for the forest land lying to the north of Woodend, which I should prefer to stock with game.

"I remain, your obedient servant,

"J. GRANT."

George laid down this concise and business-like letter with a sigh. "I wish he would have taken the farms instead of my best shooting-ground," he thought; "but beggars mustn't be choosers. He must have it, and I must cut my shooting down. Perhaps it's just as well; it'll pull me together, and keep me steadier at my work. Now all that remains to be seen is, how the new plans will work."

CHAPTER XII.

Once more we are back at Beauchamp Abbey. Summer is over, and the brown beeches wave their purple branches in the strong November breeze over a bed of brown-red leaves. Every now and then a leaf still clinging to an oak-tree is shaken off, and whirled along the avenue, head-over-heels in its wild career, before it settles low amongst its companions on the ground.

Striding up the avenue in hot haste, intent on some new idea for improving his farm, comes George; no longer bored, no longer depressed, because full of ideas and plans, and finding the day altogether too short for the work which has to be compressed into it. He is whistling gaily as he walks along, swinging a spud in his hand; his sunburnt face the picture of health and happiness. Half way to the house he is stopped by Maggie Burns, the wife of the old Scotch gardener who lives at the lodge.

"Eh! sir, it's a gude sight to see the likes o' you," she said.

"Are you glad to have us back, Maggie?"

"Glad? well I wat, glad's the word! Eh! but we missed ye sair, yon time ye was awa."

"Did the Grants not do as well, Maggie?" George said, smiling at the old woman's earnest face.

"The Grants!" replied Maggie, with almost a snort of disdain. "What like folk's yon? No but what they were awfu' kind and gude to a' body, but puir folk! puir bodies! they kent naething—they were that ignorant! Losh keep me! to think o' them!" and Maggie shook her head at the remembrance of the Grants and their shortcomings.

"What were they so ignorant about?"

"Jist a' thing, sir. They were that ignorant o' a' thing that they couldna be satisfied wi' onything. They would hae a' thing in season an' oot o' season, like the Word, which we ken brawly is the only thing we can count on oot o' its proper time. They were at the gairdner for no having Brussels sproots in summer, an' green peas, an' sic like things in winter; an' they were at the poultry-woman for fowls and eggs at Christmas; an' they wanted this—an' they wanted that—an' they didna ken tae from tither!"

"Well, you see, Maggie, they had lived in a town all their lives, where you can get anything, at any time for money. They didn't understand country ways."

"Weel, weel, it's nae matter now we've gotten you and the leddy an' the bonny bairn hame—it might hae been better had it been a son," she continued, "but that 'll be yet, gin it's the Lord's wull. Gude day to ye, sir, I maunna keep ye haverin'," and Maggie took up her basket and went on her road, muttering to herself as she went.

George walked on to the house. Sylvia met him at the door with her baby in her arms, and the three entered the house together.

Sylvia was perfectly happy. Her baby, her housekeeping, and her home occupied every minute of the day, and she had absolutely no wants, no wishes beyond the present hour. "What I am doing at the time, is what I like best," she often said. "What's the use of fidgeting about the future? enjoy the present;" and so she did, and George was content to see her happiness.

For himself, he had his moments—his sad times, his old moods of depression, though they were fewer, and came with less violence than of old.

Now and then he would make an excursion "on business," and only Lady Mary knew where he went.

Standing beside Marcia's grave, he would take out of his pocket the little case, which he usually kept locked away from the eyes of all, and his face changed and fell once more into the old sad lines which had been engraved on it during the long summer after Marcia's sorrowful death.

Then for a time he allowed himself to think of her who had loved him so well, who had ended her short desolate life so sadly.

"I could not bear that she should feel herself forgotten. Poor

Marcia! dear Marcia!" he used to think as he read the lines on the flat grey stone which lay over the grave, and gently and reverently arranged with his own hands the plants which were growing round it. And when all was done, as he knelt for one moment with uncovered head in the lonely silent corner where she lay sleeping, he kissed tenderly and reverently the one token which he possessed of the woman who by her death, rather than by her life, had made so deep an impression on his heart. "Eternal rest!" he murmured, "Grant her, O Lord, eternal rest!" Then, still uncovered, he left the grave, and returned once again to his usual train of thought and the occupation of his daily life. For George was a man, and with men a love story, however true and deep, is only an episode, an incident; and not, as with women, the keystone of the arch, the, turning-point and pivot of the whole life. Doubtless there are a few men who in this respect are different; but they are rare, and in no sense typical of their sex.

For George's happiness the one grand necessity was practical useful occupation. He did not absolutely need an absorbing, understanding woman's love in order to fill his life. To some natures it does not seem altogether a necessity that they should find in this life the fulfilment of their ideal, the *summum bonum* of all earthly bliss; they are content if moderately happy, and if life flows on in a monotonous round of more or less useful action.

To George and Sylvia, occupied as they were with flocks and herds; with honest, useful, if commonplace business; with household and domestic details, the days flew by. Though much in their lives was different, though they had learnt to do without many things which they had been brought up to consider as necessities, they were still, in perhaps the highest sense of the word, amongst the "good old county families."

THE END.

Our Library List.

LIFE OF SIR W. SIEMENS. By W. POLE, C.E. (1 vol. illustrated. 16s. *Murray*.) Dr. Smiles, by his 'Self Help Series,' has taught us the fascination of the biographies of men who have raised themselves to the head of their profession, and of such biographies the science of Engineering has supplied a large proportion. The names of Watt, Stephenson, and Nasmyth are household words, and that of William Siemens deserves to take rank not far behind these heroes. He was one of a family of fourteen, and owed his start in life to a brother—a distinguished German military engineer—who was some seven years older than himself. At the age of twenty, in 1852, William came over to seek his fortune in England, where he succeeded in selling the patent of an electro-plating process to Messrs. Elkington for £1500. With this sum he went home again, but soon returned to London as agent to his brother's electrical engineering firm in Berlin. From that time his rise was rapid; invention succeeded invention, chiefly in the direction of the production of steel and application of electricity; but we have not space here even to enumerate the most prominent. Mr. Pole has admirably performed his task as biographer, his technical knowledge, combined with his well-known literary skill, have produced a work interesting alike to the scientific and the general reader.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM (Second Series). By the late MATTHEW ARNOLD. (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Macmillan*.) The first feeling of the reader on seeing the familiar title will be one of keen regret that the second series must also be the last. The ripe scholarship, the exquisite fancy, the subtle intellect, the delicate irony, and the love of all things noble which we were wont to honour in Matthew Arnold, have "spoken once more," and must henceforth "be dumb." It is difficult adequately to estimate the influence which he wielded over the intellectual life of his time. Perhaps there are few who would style themselves directly his disciples, but there are assuredly still fewer among the lovers of literature whose views have not been deeply tinged by his teaching. The contents of the present volume are on the whole perhaps somewhat slighter than those of its famous predecessor, but are in no way inferior to them in quality. The first essay is on the Study of Poetry, and the following six deal with English poets: Milton, Gray, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron,

Shelley—the concluding two being devoted to Count Leo Tolstoi and Amiel. No more need be said to those who know their author, and if there be any young lover of good literature who has yet to make his acquaintance, let him or her procure this book with all possible speed.

THE LIFE OF LORD WESTBURY, by T. A. NASH (2 vols. 30s. *Bentley*), is, as is perhaps inevitable for a book so much discussed before its actual appearance, rather disappointing. Lord Westbury had acquired the reputation of being one of the wittiest men of his time, and there is nothing recorded in these volumes which would support any such pretension. Probably his jests and gibes owed much to his manner of delivering them. Mr. Nash was not personally acquainted with the subject of this biography, and the absence of first-hand knowledge detracts somewhat from the vividness of his narrative. The events are related clearly and straightforwardly enough, but the reader is not made to feel sufficiently the strong individuality which produced so marked an effect on his contemporaries. Mr. Nash makes pretty evident what has long been the more probable opinion, that a good deal more than justice was meted out to Lord Westbury when he was driven from office. He expiated by his fall the rankling memory of many a sarcasm which his enemies had been unable to repay in kind.

THREE GENERATIONS OF ENGLISHWOMEN (The Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. JOHN TAYLOR, Mrs. SARAH AUSTIN, and Lady DUFF GORDON). By JANET ROSS. (2 vols. 24s. *Murray*.) People who complain that they have no leisure to read long biographies, may be congratulated on the opportunity that these volumes afford them of becoming acquainted with three remarkable women—mother, daughter, and granddaughter—within the limits of one book. The late Lord Houghton said of Norwich that he knew of “no provincial city adorned with so many illustrious names in literature, the professions, and public life,” and it was amid this society that Mrs. Taylor lived, and concerning which she wrote. Interesting though her life cannot fail to be, it must be confessed that the chief charm of the book centres round Sarah Austin, a woman of European fame, who corresponded not only with such men as Grote, Whewell, Mill, Carlyle, Gladstone, &c., in this country, but with the leading savants and men of letters throughout Europe. All subjects seem to come equally readily to her pen: from French bonnets to European politics, or from the early Christian art of Malta to the philosophy of jurisprudence which made her husband famous. The early life of Lady Duff Gordon, “the wise woman with almost supernatural powers” as the Arabs thought her, has much to engross the reader; and we would draw particular attention to the period when she used to correspond with Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Grote.

THE REMINISCENCES OF J. L. TOOLE. (2 vols. 30s. *Hurst & Blackett*.) In following the prevailing fashion of writing reminiscences Mr. Toole has introduced a variation. He has entrusted the task of investing his narrative with "artistic merit" to his friend Mr. Joseph Hatton. This method has the double advantage that the fare provided is served up with the skill of an experienced *littérateur*, and that the numerous virtues of Mr. Toole himself can be descanted on in a manner which modesty would otherwise have forbidden. The joint production ought to find many readers. Mr. Toole's name has long been a household word; as great a favourite with boys and girls, to his honour be it said, as with their elders, and these volumes will revive the memory of many a hearty laugh. The wit is not very subtle and the humour consists largely in harmless practical jokes: Mr. Toole's mystification of his friends, and his friends' mystifications of Mr. Toole; but there is no unkindly word from cover to cover. When the "superior" reader has finished laughing with Mr. Toole he may perhaps indulge in a quiet chuckle on his own account.

JOHN FRANCIS, a Literary Chronicle of half a century, compiled by J. C. FRANCIS (2 vols. 24s. *Bentley*), is mainly a chronicle of the progress of the *Athenæum* newspaper, of which the late Mr. Francis was the publisher. Some valuable and interesting matter has been collected chronologically regarding the literary history of the last fifty years, and the volumes, which are provided with an excellent index, are admirably adapted for desultory reading. The heterogeneous nature of their contents, and the absence of artistic arrangement, render them less suitable for continuous perusal. A good deal of the information given, as for instance the chief dates in the life of an author so well known as Charlotte Brontë, may be found more conveniently elsewhere, and some of the facts recorded have lost by the lapse of time such interest as they once possessed. The *Athenæum*, no doubt deservedly, comes out very creditably as an important factor in the literary life of the time, but the position of the compiler rather puts him out of court as a rigidly impartial chronicler. After all deductions, plenty of good entertainment remains in the volumes, which when once taken up are not readily laid aside. A short autobiographical memoir of Mr. Francis, and a note by Mr. Fox Bourne are prefixed.

A RAMBLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. By J. A. LEES and W. J. CLUTTERBUCK. (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Longmans*.) From the authors of 'Three in Norway' much was expected by all who have read that delicious volume, and we think no one will be disappointed in 'B. C., 1887.' Naturally the remoteness of the country and the improbability of ever being able to follow the authors' steps slightly diminishes our interest in the minute details of the route taken and the various

camping-grounds chosen. But the important question, often debated, as to the sport obtainable in the mountain districts of British Columbia lying south of the C. P. R. may now be considered settled. The party found no salmon-fishing, but magnificent trout, and splendid mixed shooting from grouse to mountain-sheep. To get this, they "roughed it" in a manner for which we fancy few sportsmen have either the leisure or the pluck, and they had their reward. An unfailing strain of humour traverses the book, delicately tempered and subdued by the idiosyncrasies of "that Roan." The illustrations are capital, and open the volume where you will, it is certain to be found entertaining.

RANCH LIFE AND THE HUNTING TRAIL. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (1 vol. 21s. *T. Fisher Unwin*.) This sumptuous volume exhibits another side of Western life, forming an interesting complement to the British Columbian ramble noticed above. Mr. Roosevelt describes the pleasures of his Ranch with an enthusiasm before which the hardships of the stock-raiser's existence pale and grow dim. He gives much interesting information on the subject of cattle, and thinks that ranching will be played out by the end of the century. Incidentally we are regaled with many stirring adventures and characteristic Western anecdotes, and become thoroughly convinced of the advantages of "first draw." One of the best chapters is that entitled, "Sheriff's work on a Rancho"; the author's graphic account of his pursuit and arrest of three noted thieves shows how necessary it is in the Wild West for private "citizens" occasionally to take the law into their own hands if they want to see justice done. The book is admirably and copiously illustrated, and forms a genuine *édition de luxe*.

THE ROGUE, by W. E. NORRIS (3 vols. *Bentley*), is a novel belonging to the American school. We meet in its pages the group of characters with which Mr. Henry James has rendered us familiar: the preternaturally wise and deliberately priggish young man, the headstrong but fascinating young lady, and the foolish matron of maturer years; to these are added an old speculator with a small dash of chivalry, a young and engaging speculator with a large dash of villainy, a devoted sister, a reserved but shrewd and sterling lover, a clever old lady, and others too numerous to mention. These persons indulge in a great deal of elaborately clever conversation, and tie their characters into knots for others to unravel in the approved fashion. The main interest in the book lies in the character of the young speculator, which is drawn with much skill, and the plot has more substance than is usually found in works of this type. Mr. Norris would doubtless have written well if Mr. Henry James had never existed, but assuredly he would have written differently.

Binding

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CALAIS*..... dep.	3 5 "	MILAN..... "	5 35 p.m.	CALAIS*... arr.	11 58 "		25 mins. for refreshment

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CHARING CROSS or CANNON STREET....dep.	8 20 a.m.	9 40 a.m.	11 0 a.m.	1 5 p.m.	8 5 p.m.	8 5 p.m.
BRUSSELS (Midi Station)....arr.	4 53 p.m.	...	7 54 p.m.
BRUSSELS (North Station) "	5 14 "	6 19 p.m.	8 15 "	10 51 "	5 53 a.m.	5 43 a.m.

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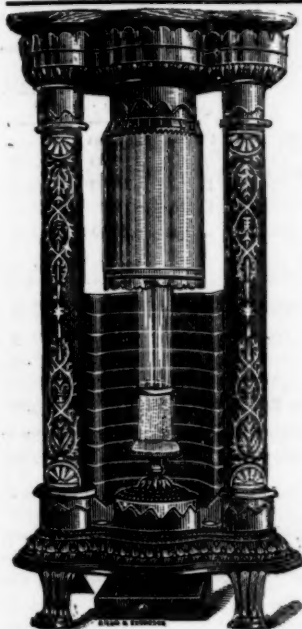


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Yarmouth	27/6	20/0	15/0	20/0	15/0	10/0
Cromer	27/6	20/0	15/0	20/0	15/0	10/0
LIVERPOOL STREET TO						
Walton-on-the-Naze or Clacton-on-Sea.....	17/6	11/0	10/0	12/6	8/9	7/6
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Felixstowe	17/6	11/0	10/0	12/6	8/9	7/6
Aldeburgh	25/0	15/6	13/0	15/0	11/0	9/6
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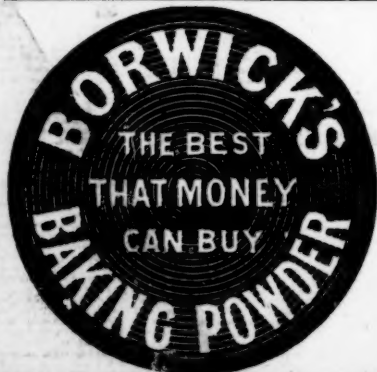
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